A SENSIBLE MAN'S PAPER

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 21. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING MARCH 27, 1909. ONE PENNY.

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Mr. GEO. R. SIMS

TELLS THE STORY OF HIS GREAT DISCOVERY,
THE RENOWNED HAIR RENEWER,

Tatcho

"WHEN I discovered the preparation which is known as 'Tatcho' I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr. George R. Sims to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*. "Look at my hair now. Look at the colour; isn't that convincing evidence of the value of my preparation? In time people got to know that I had discovered a renewer that had worked wonders in my own case. Then the trouble began.

"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world, from all parts of the kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and Australia. The work of answering the letters was enormous, and as far as possible the desired information was supplied; but it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair renewer department of correspondence.

"In consequence, I said to myself, Why should this thing go on? If the public wants my hair renewer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place the genuine article, under the name of 'Tatcho,' which is the Romany word for 'genuine,' within reach of all, and with the assistance of a number of gentlemen, possessing the necessary commercial facilities, that has been accomplished.

"Ladies confirm my good opinion of it as a dressing for daily use. Mrs. Brown-Potter, whose beautiful hair is the admiration of the entire lady world, writes that she uses nothing but 'Tatcho.'"

This is the whole story of the hair renewer discovered by Mr. G. R. Sims.

To undertake the introduction of "Tatcho" to the public a wealthy syndicate was formed, embracing several of the best-known scientific, literary, and commercial names in London, and, under the name of the George R. Sims Company, is introducing "Tatcho" to the toilet table of every member of the King's vast Empire.

FOR YOUR HAIR.

I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formula recommended by me.

Geo R Sims

Tatcho

WHAT SOCIETY AND THE ARMY AND NAVY SAY ABOUT THIS GREAT HAIR GROWER.

DR. COOK ON "TATCHO."

No other treatment can compare with "Tatcho." I have recommended it to hundreds.

Philip V. Cooke M.D.

LADY POWELL ON "TATCHO."

Torr-Aluinn, Duncon, N.B.

Lady Powell thinks "Tatcho" has been very beneficial, the falling off of hair having almost ceased, and Lady Powell anticipates very good results from "Tatcho." It is the nicest preparation for the hair, being Non-Oily and not perfumed as most lotions are.

Lady Powell

LADY SYKES ON "TATCHO."

2, Chesterfield Street,
Mayfair, W.

When I first employed Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" I had been losing my hair rapidly for a considerable time. After applying "Tatcho" I found a considerable improvement, and this has continued ever since. I cordially recommend "Tatcho."

Jessica Sykes

COL. PERRY ON "TATCHO."

Royal Hibernian Hotel,
Dawson Street, Dublin.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is wonderful, and all to whom I recommend it praise it. I hope others have advised the use of "Tatcho" as I have.

E Perry Colonel

COL. BACOT CHESTER ON "TATCHO."

Zetland House, Maidenhead.

I well know how valuable Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is.

F Bacot-Chester

THE NOVELIST "RITA."

I consider you have conferred a boon on members of the great human family by your discovery of "Tatcho." In my opinion it is the only remedy worthy the name of Hair Restorer.

Rita

COMR. T. WOLFE MURRAY ON "TATCHO."

Trobridge, Crediton.

I have found Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" of distinct benefit to my hair.

T. Wolfe Murray Commander R.N.

LADY COLLINS ON "TATCHO."

18, Ashburn Place,
Kensington, W.

Lady Collins has been induced to try Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" owing to the fact that a near relative of hers used it for a short time, the result being that the hair began to grow fast and thick.

Lady Collins

WHAT "TATCHO" WILL DO.

Do not women of every nation desire to have hair like an English Woman's? Her hair is her chief adornment, but hair to be nice must be nicely treated. Hair must be stimulated to live. Our grandmothers, and even our mothers, knew this so well that hair-brushing was one of the most important features of their toilet. If this attention cannot be given, recourse must be had to a stimulant, and as a stimulant for the hair there is none so safe and so effective as the discovery of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho."

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. A sprinkle of a few drops on the scalp works marvels with every head of hair, but more especially with those that have not received their quantum of care.

If you value your appearance—and who does not?—get a bottle of "Tatcho" to-day. It acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.

It is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

The COUPON

FOR A

4/6 Trial Bottle,

TATCHO.

Cut this out.

"TATCHO" COUPON.

Provided this Coupon is sent to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London, we bind ourselves to send one of the large trial bottles of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's Hair Grower "Tatcho," 4/6 size, for the sum of 1/10, post free, in a plain sealed package. This special offer is made solely with the object of enabling the public to prove its superlative value, and to avoid the necessity for extravagant outlay in advertising.

The Geo. R. Sims Hair Restorer Co

M. M.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 21. WEEK ENDING MARCH 27TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

ALONE IN LONDON.

SOME HINTS FOR THE NEW ARRIVAL.

Young provincials who have come to London find it extremely difficult to make friends, and they wonder whether they ought to join one or other of the so-called social clubs that have recently been formed. I should say not.

These clubs consist chiefly of designing old maids, who will give the ingenuous youth a very hot time.

They, like him, are lonely, but, unlike him, they will not remain satisfied with mere friendship.

His best course would be to join the association which has been formed in London by his particular county.

I do not think there is any part of Britain unrepresented in this manner. Scotland and Ireland are well looked after, and almost every English county has its London club.

We have the "Dorset Men," the "Somerset Men," the "London Cornish Association," the "Society of Yorkshiremen," and so forth.

The subscriptions vary, most charging 5s. a year. The Devonshire Club, however, charges nothing, and at the other end of the scale we have the Lancastrians charging half-a-guinea.

The advantages of membership are extensive.

In winter dances are arranged, and in the summer time there are river parties, cricket matches and such like amusements. Should a member get into difficulties, the Committee of the association will come to his assistance.

I have not given the addresses of the various secretaries, because it would require too much space, but these can easily be found by consulting the Post Office Directory.

If you are in any way sociable you are bound to get on with men who have come from your own particular district, but for my own part I think there is more to be learned from absolute strangers.

To make my meaning clearer, let us consider the case of the Englishman in Paris.

There are in that city some of our countrymen who can speak only a few words of French; they patronise English shops, and mix only with Englishmen. I do not think it can be doubted that they would greatly increase the width of their outlook on life if they made friends from the nation whose hospitality they are enjoying, and I am inclined to take the same view in the case of provincials coming to London.

Not only should they make friends with Londoners, but with other provincials from districts widely apart, and also with native Londoners.

And the best way to get in touch with them? Why, the Territorials, of course! Good fellows all of them, ready to extend a welcome to all comers provided they are good fellows too.

And there is no subscription.

On the contrary, you have plenty of fun, your physique is benefited, you are supplied with a uniform that makes the girls' hearts throb, and at camp you have the finest of holidays, *and* it all costs you nothing.

C. INGLIS.

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CHEEK.

Major Menzies tells us that although the Ladies' First Aid Nursing Yeomanry Corps is not yet officially recognised they "have been winked at." We hope they didn't wink first or back.

* * * * * * *

Mr. F. W. Speaight, who was responsible for the Marble Arch alterations, is anxious, so the "Evening News" tells us, to change London's face. London says she likes his cheek.

* * * * * * *

Aeroplanists who do not observe the rules of the sky will be known as "'airy barbarians."

* * * * * * *

Mr. Geo. R. Sims tells us that he works sixteen hours a day. Why? And what at?

* * * * * * *

"No utterance of mine," says Mr. Winston Churchill, "shall tie the hands of this country in taking any step which it would be to the permanent advantage of the trade of this country to take." There is no "terminological inexactitude" about Mr. Churchill's description of the effects of his utterances. They don't have any effect at all, but why should he give himself away?

* * * * * *

According to "Golf Illustrated": "A man's golfing garb not only affords no clue to his golfing ability, but it does not give the slightest indication of his social position or wealth, nor even of his taste." Pardon. It sometimes makes conspicuous the absence of the last-named quality.

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Mrs. Eustace Miles recently wrote an article on "Words That Rest Us." Quite a good article, but she made no mention of "damn."

* * * * * * *

"Teddy Bear" has given way to "Bill Possum" in the affections of the American public. When afflicted by needy office-hunters, Mr. Taft, we understand, pleads a *non Bill possumus*, which, in case you have forgotten your classics, means, we may say, "it can't be did."

* * * * * * *

The "Bingville Bugle" (U.S.A.) is excited over its discovery of a Bingvillan, who, although a grown man, and not mentally afflicted, had never heard until lately of George Washington. But we are not going to give Bingville best. Against their champion booby we confidently match our own Judge Willis, who recently inquired what a telephone was.

* * * * * * *

The Suffragettes are making strenuous efforts to be novel in their devices for attracting attention to themselves. But if they want really to stagger humanity, they should try behaving like ladies.

* * * * * * *

Two newspaper headlines during the recent Arctic weather: "MILDER WEATHER"—"Daily Mail." "NO VISIBLE SIGN OF THAW"—"Daily Express." These appeared on the same morning. Great minds do not always think alike.

NORMAN FRASER.

BALLS.

ARE THEY NECESSARY IN SPORT?

With so many sports and games inviting a man's attention and adherence, it is inevitable that he makes his own selection, for nobody could play them all.

It was only the other day I realised what had been my test for the adoption or neglect of a pastime, although I had not been conscious of applying a test at all. It had been due merely to natural inclination.

My discovery was made during a brief chat with a man whom I had just met at a friend's house. Our conversation turned to sport.

"Play footer?" he asked.

"No."

"Golf?"

"No."

"Hockey, cricket or tennis?"

"No."

"Croquet?" This with a deliciously satirical inflection.

"No."

"By the build of you," he said, "I should have taken you for a sportsman. Where have you managed to get all your muscle?"

I answered him with another series of questions.

"Can you box?" I asked.

"Well, no."

"Swim?"

"No."

"Wrestle, run, shoot, ride?"

"No," he replied impatiently. "These are not in my line, but I can make a fair show at footer, cricket, golf, tennis, hockey, billiards and so on—in fact I'm pretty good at any ball game."

It was then that I saw the line of demarcation between our inclinations in sport. It was balls.

He had neglected every sport in which a ball or balls did not play an essential part; I had chosen just those sports where balls were not used, and I had done it without consciously making the selection, for I have no prejudice in the matter of sport.

He and I were both sportsmen in our own way, and I do not think he will be so contemptuous the next time he meets a man who takes his recreation apart from ball games.

The error into which he fell—that of supposing that a man must necessarily play some ball game in order to be a sportsman—is shared by many others.

To the player of games—and that means ball games, for there are few in which balls are not essential—I would say: just try the other kind of sport.

Cycling, my own favourite, I would put miles ahead of most ball games. Boxing, too, is one of the best, and swimming should be part of every sportsman's programme.

There is always a vast amount of entertainment to be got out of novelty, and if you will only experiment with sports which are not ball games I think you will find them equal if not superior to the others.

REX FLEMING.

FINDING YOURSELF.

At last, and after many years, I am a man.—STOWELL.

Some men go through life like lost sheep, baaing and bleating at every turn, frightened of their own shadows, ready blindly to follow any other lost sheep, an easy prey to any wolf in human form.

Sometimes they are gobbled up, or founder in snowdrift or bog, and that is the end of them. Sometimes they are merely fleeced. That often does them good. The Almighty may temper the wind to the shorn lamb, but man does not.

Under the stinging influence of the chill blasts of adversity the human sheep will often find himself—a man.

But there are many men who are always lost sheep, who get no more sentient enjoyment out of life than a sheep, who even as kids neither frolic nor gambol. They have never found—they never do find—themselves.

ONLY SONS.

Such men are often only sons of widows. Maternal solicitude wraps them up in cotton-wool and turns them into very ladylike young gentlemen.

Frequently they are cursed with means sufficient to obviate the necessity for working, insufficient to enable them to cut a dash in the world, to go in for racing, yachting, or at any other manly and costly sport.

They creep through life, alternating between club and boudoir, leading an entirely self-centred, yet only half-conscious existence, never for one moment finding life and themselves, unless haply some disaster overtake them, and knock the bottom out of their placid, padded world.

Happy the man who finds himself. He may not be worth offering a great reward for, he may be disappointed with the result of his explorations, but the man who finds himself will live. It may be for good, it may be for ill, but at least he may say with W. E. Henley, who "found himself" in cruel suffering:

"I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

KICKED OUT.

Some men find themselves when young. Kicked out into the world when little more than children, it is sink or swim with them, and, swimming, they are men, when other boys of equal age are most concerned with lollipops.

Generally speaking, however, you find yourself with the dawn of adolescence, that bewildering, half-intoxicating, half-terrifying period when you put behind you childish things, and stand on the threshold of manhood.

Perhaps you never cross it; ahead of you you see a fighting, jostling, shouting crowd, and you draw back to remain neither child nor man, a poor hermaphroditic sort of creature. Or, fearfully you cross the Rubicon, but you avoid the crowd, nasty, rude, vulgar fellows, and doing so, you lose yourself perhaps for all eternity.

Or, taking your courage in your two hands, you plunge boldly into the crowd. Perhaps you are knocked down, and trampled upon, but like some strong swimmer caught in a whirlpool, you come up with a splutter and a gasp and cleave your way to safety.

And behold the world has changed. You see that the crowd is not so very terrible after all. If there are some in it stronger than you, there are others no stronger, some weaker.

You see too what they are fighting for—gold, fame, love of women.

You realise too that you have a right to fight and the power. You plunge again into the crowd, but this time you are wary. You have learnt something; you avoid the danger spots, and keep among your equals, by whom you are welcomed. You have found yourself.

Finding yourself, after all, is but another term for finding your level, and there is no place like school for teaching a boy his powers and limitations.

But the boy who is kept at home and molly-coddled has not a fair chance.

It was long till I found myself. As a youngster my whole character was different from what it now is.

I had it firmly fixed in my small head that I must work hard in order to get on.

That was a decent enough ambition, but I carried it to excess. I gave up everything for book-learning, and I was firmly convinced that books and nothing but books mattered.

FALSE SUPERIORITY.

At the age of twelve I was a profound cynic. I had the utmost contempt for boys who appeared to live for nothing but games. I regarded them as altogether inferior clay.

When they talked, as a few of them did, about "straightness," and "sportsmanship," and "playing the game," I smiled a superior smile. I knew better. Money was the only thing worth living for, and that was to be won only by sticking to one's books and never doing anything naughty.

I was left alone, a morose, "superior," prize-winning, disgusting little prig.

So I continued even after I left school and took my place as a junior clerk in a City office. The other clerks spent their Saturday afternoons in various athletic sports; I spent mine in reading books that were called "helpful."

It seemed absurd to me that a man could be interested in anything so trifling as running or football. To me life was a very serious thing. I had all the makings of a "secret of success" merchant in me.

THE COMING OF MANHOOD.

And then by Heaven's mercy I found myself. I had grown into a strong lad. Something stirring within me, the awakening of the fighting instinct of the male, filled me with longing to exercise my strength.

Half-scornfully, half-timidly I began to join in the pursuits and sports of my fellows. And, of course, I found myself hopelessly out of it, my clumsy efforts and myself a butt and object of ridicule.

That still further aroused the fighting spirit. I struggled on, meeting with many a rebuff, many a humiliation, but gradually gaining confidence in myself, and learning to eat humble pie without making faces about it.

And at last the scales dropped from my eyes. I saw myself as I had been, a revolting young prig, with about as much life in me as a mollusc.

FROM MILKSOP TO SPORTSMAN.

I saw myself as I was, very small beer indeed among men whose opinions mattered, I who had considered myself so ineffably superior to those from whom a word of commendation, a friendly nod or pat on the back was now a thing to gloat over.

I saw that life is meant to be lived, not to be endured. I saw that the things that matter are honour, truth, and good sportsmanship.

I fought; sometimes I won, more often I lost. But I learned that even defeat may be enjoyable.

In short, in becoming, or at least trying to be, a sportsman, I found myself—and life, the most inestimable of gifts when you know how to appreciate it.

To find yourself you must first lose yourself in the crowd.

H. LAMBOURNE.

ETIQUETTE.

III. CALLS.

There are some calls that must be paid, if you wish to preserve a reputation for good breeding, and the most important of these is the call after receiving hospitality.

Whenever you have been entertained, you must call on your hostess (or host) within one week of the function.

The sooner the better.

The usual hours for calling are between 3 and 6 p.m. A man, however, especially a busy man, is allowed considerable latitude, and it is better to call at an unusual hour, than not to call at all.

A formal call should last not less than a quarter or more than half an hour. Formerly the masculine caller took his hat, stick, overcoat, and gloves, into the drawing-room with him, but it is more usual nowadays to leave them in the hall, though in the case of a very formal call, as for example when making the acquaintance of people for the first time, you would not be wrong to retain these "impedimenta."

Give your name distinctly to the servant, describing yourself as "Mr. Blank," if you have no other title.

To be ushered into a roomful of chattering women is an appalling ordeal to most men, and if you are a bashful man, the Lord help you—for I can't.

Assuming, however, that you do not instantaneously lose your head, make straight for your hostess, who will, of course, have risen to receive you, and shake hands with her.

In some sections of society it is the custom not to make any formal introductions, but as a rule the hostess will give you a general introduction to the rest of the company. Don't go round shaking hands with everybody; include them all in a general bow, and take the seat indicated by your hostess.

Of course, if personal friends are present, you will recognise them separately, and take an early opportunity of speaking to them, but your hostess should first claim your attention, and until she dismisses you, which she will do by introducing you specially to somebody or by inviting you to sit by another visitor, you must be at her service.

Whenever a visitor, whether lady or gentleman, enters or leaves the room you should rise, and in the case of a lady departing open the door for her, should you be the only man present, or the nearest man to the door.

A good general rule is never to remain seated while your hostess is standing, although, of course, in the case of a big "crush," when your hostess is practically on her feet the whole time, and you are mixing with the other guests, this does not apply.

The art of conversation when calling scarcely comes within the scope of this article, and on that point I will merely remark that you should avoid topics of a controversial, religious, or political nature.

Taking leave has its especial difficulties. If you have ladies with you it is for them to make the move, but if you are by yourself, avoid interrupting your hostess in the middle of a conversation.

Wait until she is momentarily disengaged, and then seize the opportunity of making your escape, as the average man is apt to regard it.

Shake hands with your hostess, but don't go round the room shaking hands with everybody else. You may, if you like, say good-bye to personal friends, but the safest rule is to shake hands with your hostess only, bowing to the rest of the company, before thankfully making your exit.

On your way out, leave your card on the hall table or on the card tray.

Calls are far less formal than they used to be, and the great thing is to be at your ease, and not to let it be seen that you are performing a tiresome duty, which, in truth, is what it is.

E. H. HILL.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

His Oath.

By MERVYN WILLIAMS.

It was "deep in nadian woods," and the trail s cruel. There was no other rd for it.

No wonder then that Howard ned in short and sharp, as his e, flashing along the trench- e path between the mighty mlocks and cedars, beheld ated on a protruding root a oman—a white woman nurs- a baby but a few months d.

Even as he saw her, she ught sight of him, and imme- tely she sprang to her feet d made to flee into the icket. She had not heard his proach, the soft thick moss, hich with the rain had con- rted the trail into a spongy orass, deadening the sound of s horse's hoofs.

The woman reeled blindly as e rose, and tottered rather an ran.

"Hi, woman! You need not run from me. ll do ye no harm. I've a wife and kiddy in e old country."

Whether it was the honest, manly ring of his ice or the purport of his words, the woman used in her frantic flight and came reeling ack again to the side of the trail.

Tom Howard urged his horse into a trot and urveyed her in utter astonishment. Female amps are unknown in the Canadian backwoods, nd she looked a decided cut above the type he ad seen in England.

"What are you doing about here, my good oman?" he asked. "Wherever are you going ith that youngster, on foot, and with night oming on? You look regular done up—dead eat, too."

He was right. She was splashed from head to eel with the mud of the swamp-like trail. Her ace and hair even were coated with it; her arments poor-looking and threadbare, were edraggled and sopping wet, as well as torn in laces by the sharp brushwood.

Tom Howard further noted that her boots were uch in name only, being freely ventilated and orn right down, and that they had left bloody rints upon the flat stones that here and there lotted the trail.

She made him no answer as he approached, ut sank down again in the last stage of ex- austion, and cuddled her baby closer to her.

"Good God, woman, who and what are you hat I find you tramping this trail alone, like his? Have you strayed from some immigrant rain—lost your way, or what?" he demanded, s he dismounted beside her.

"I—I belong to Ballaston and I'm trying to each Felkirk, to get a doctor. My husband is ery ill, and—and there was no one else to come; nd—and I could not leave the child behind, with o one but a sick and delirious man to look after t."

"This is terrible. Your feet are all cut and leeding. No wonder, if you have come in such oots as those all the way from Ballaston on oot. You must get on my pony. I'll take you o my shanty. It's not much farther. Then 'll go on for the doctor."

He caught her up like a child, baby and all, n his great strong arms and planked her down upon the saddle.

"Give me the child," he said. "I'll carry it. And you hang on to the saddle as well as you an. We haven't far to go."

"No, no, I must get down. I must go on— must go on to the doctor's by myself." And he woman made as if to scramble off the pony's ack.

"Sit still, you fool. Didn't I tell you I'd fetch the doctor? Sit still! You are quite safe with me. Give me the baby."

She made no further resistance, but handed the child to him.

They covered the remaining distance to his cabin without exchanging another word, she riding the pony, and he tramping along the sodden track carrying the child. The little thing did not cry, but laughed and crowed up at him, and grabbed playfully at his chin.

When the hut was reached, the woman woke up from her lethargy.

"Oh, I must go on—I must go on!" she cried. "Thank you, and God bless you, kind friend, for the lift and your offered help. But I must fetch the doctor myself."

"Nonsense! You stop here, woman, with your child. You are not fit to go another step. The fire's not out. I'll soon rattle it up, and get you a good warm drink and some food, which you can eat while I'm gone."

"But I must go."

And she made a wild rush out of the door, to stumble and fall just without from sheer exhaustion.

He carried her back inside the hut.

"No, no, I must—I will go on to Felkirk myself. Will you, kind friend, look after my child?—and I will not trouble you to fetch the doctor."

"You are not going, woman. You have just got to stop here and make yourself comfortable. D'ye think I could let you go with your feet as they are? You couldn't ride the horse to Felkirk, much less walk there. Besides, I don't suppose you could get over the road, even mounted, in the dark. It's full of mud-holes."

"I don't care. I must go myself. It won't do for you to go. I don't want your horse. I shall be safer on foot."

And again she made a frantic dash for the door.

He rushed across, kicked it to, and drew her—resisting furiously, although impotently in his strong grasp—back to the chair.

"See here," he said. "Either you are light-headed, or there's something below the surface of all this. I don't believe you have come after a doctor."

An expression of terror leaped into her eyes.

"Let me go! Let me go!" she panted, struggling wildly with him. "I will go. My husband's life depends on it. Oh, what am I saying? Yes, that is true. If you have a spark of human feeling, you will not hinder me another moment."

"You could not hope to go a quarter of a mile farther in your condition. You are too weak and ill to sit my horse, or you might have it willingly. Listen to me! Tell me the truth, and I promise you faithfully I'll do your errand."

"Will you swear it?

"Yes, I will."

"Swear you will do what I ask you, no matter what it is. Swear as you love the wife and child you have left in the old country."

"I swear," he said, solemnly. "And I will keep my oath, whatever it cost me."

"I will trust you then. I must. Bend closer. Put your ear to my mouth. Listen!"

She whispered a few hurried words. He started violently, and reeled back.

"Good God," he cried, "Sam Slade—the man who shot poor old Jim down like a dog—your husband! Then—then the doctor was a blind! Woman, I can't do it. I can't warn my own brother's murderer that the police are on his tracks. I can't, I tell you, it's——"

He paused, for the woman had sprung to her feet and was rushing again to the door, with her child in her arms. With a bound he clutched her by the shoulder, and drew her back.

"Sit down!" he commanded. "He doesn't need a doctor, but you do, and I'm going to fetch one."

"And when you've done that?" she asked. "What next? What will you do about Sam?"

He said nothing, but strode from the cabin and crossed to his horse, which he had left hitched by the bridle to the post outside. Whisking it free, he mounted and, turning its head once more along the trail, dashed his spurs into its flanks and was gone from the woman's sight like a flash. It was dark now under the cedars—pitch dark—and more than once he floundered into a mudpit that would have taken a man on foot up to the waist.

Such a misadventure was nothing new to the hardy Canadian backwoodsman, however, and his horse clambered out again each time without troubling him to dismount. As he drew near Felkirk the mudholes became less frequent, and he was presently galloping over a "corduroy" road—that is, one of layer upon layer of tree-stumps and other timber sunk in the mud.

The forest thinned out, and he clattered into the little town. Up to Doctor Stirling's door he dashed, still at the same furious rate.

"Hi! hi! hi!" he roared. The startled townspeople thrust their heads out of their doors and windows. "Dr. Stirling, you know me—Tom Howard, of Cedar Grove. There's a woman almost at death's door with exhaustion and exposure, with a kid a few months old, sheltering at my shanty; and you are wanted there double-quick. Hurry up, man, and see what you can do for them both. Put it down to my account. I've some other business on hand, and so can't wait to go back with you, but if I find on my return you haven't been, by thunder I'll horsewhip you next time I clap eyes on you, sure!"

"I would have you understand, Mr. Howard, I am not to be bullied by——"

The rest of the nettled doctor's speech was lost on the wind so far as the backwoodsman was concerned, for he was already tearing on again through the main street.

In another minute he was out upon a similar trail to that he had come along, but the timber now was sparse and the track wound up the steep slope of a hill.

Near the summit of the range he drew rein, and leaped from the saddle. Taking his reeking horse by the bridle, he left the trail and struck at right angles into the timber.

In places he had literally to cut a way through the tangled growth, and his progress was exceedingly slow. From time to time now he imitated the cry of the wood pigeon.

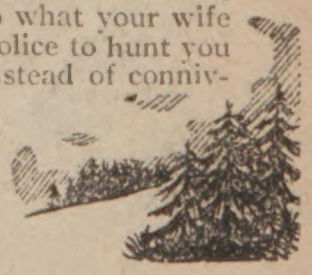
He emerged upon a wild, rocky gorge, choked by a great mass of broken branches, which had evidently been swept down from the mountain-side by an avalanche.

A clear full moon flooded the scene with her silvery light; and, giving vent once more to the call of the wood pigeon, Howard stepped out to the edge of an isolated rock that overhung the stream and looked anxiously, sternly about him.

A rustling of the brushwood a little higher up the gorge on the opposite side drew his eyes quickly in that direction, and he saw a gun-barrel pointed at him over a boulder and gleaming in the moonlight.

"Who are you? What do you want here?" demanded the unseen individual behind the gun.

"Sam Slade, I have come from your wife. She sent me to tell you that your confederate has betrayed your whereabouts to the Mounted Police, and they are coming here hot-foot from Clinton. So you'd best clear out with all speed. I'll not keep you another minute, but I've something else to tell you. It is that I am Tom Howard, the brother of the man you shot down in cold blood outside his own door, Sam Slade; and that, had I not sworn to do what your wife asked me, I'd have helped the police to hunt you to your death, you scoundrel, instead of conniving at your escape."



ON THE HILLS AFTER DARK.

A NOVEL EXPERIENCE FOR THE OUTDOOR MAN.

It is often declared that there are very few people who are familiar with the beauties of sunrise, but there are still fewer who can claim to have witnessed the pageant of night from sunset to sunrise, in all its grandeur and mystery. It is an enterprise demanding a certain sacrifice of domestic comfort, a little simple preparation, and not more physical endurance than any healthy fellow willingly puts forth in pursuit of an unusual experience.

In every season in England there come just a few nights when earth and air seem charged with brooding quiet, and these are the nights that should be watched for by those who would witness the wonders of an all-night open-air vigil.

The simplest preparations are the most effective. The chosen spot should be upon a hillside, not far from trees, for such a position enables the watcher to move freely without attracting the attention of the creatures of the night, and affords a certain amount of protection from the piercing chills of dawn.

THE EXPEDITION.

A good meal should be taken before proceeding, just before sunset, to the night's quarters; and a supply both of food and drink are advisable for consumption during the long night hours. As to covering, a large waterproof sheet, or even an ordinary rug, to spread upon the ground, and a thick overcoat and an extra rug or two is all that need be taken. Needless to say, a companion who is equally enthusiastic adds immensely to the success of the adventure.

As we sit smoking at our camp the spell of evening comes upon us. The day dies reluctantly; dusk creeps steathily upward from the deepest valleys, at first indistinguishable from the blue haze of distance that even in full daylight drapes the remoter hillsides.

Only the slightest currents move in the air, allowing the smoke of the distant town to gather in a long-extended filmy coverlet over the housetops.

Pale lights begin to shine weakly where twilight is deepest; the "clank" of the farmer's pail comes distinctly across the valley; late blackbirds are fidgeting in and out of the hedges, waking the solitudes with their nervous clamour; more and more twinkling lights show where the old town lies; the sun's last rays have left the hilltops dun and indistinct; and the arrival of night is confirmed by the zig-zag swoop of a bat diving after a fly almost to within arm's length of us.

SILENCE.

For a time, silence, unbroken and intense, takes possession of the land. In the receding depths of the wood not a twig is asway, not a creature can be seen or heard. But not for long does this solemn stillness hold the earth. As the first hours of night are counted off, and the eye can no longer do its work, the sense of hearing suddenly becomes acute.

In contrast with the myriad activities and sounds of day, the night's first hush seemed deathlike in its quietude, but soon we realise that earth and air are filled with life as wakeful as ourselves.

The first sounds are those of the owls, crooning and hissing on their perches before their first flight in search of mice. Soon the whole countryside will echo with their forlorn cries, as they "lament and mourn all night long," and in every bush and undergrowth an army of little creatures is going about its work.

And so the hours wear on to midnight with its sense of awful isolation. The loneliness of the "everlasting hills" is wonderful and almost uncanny.

So intense is the stillness, so wide and pitiless the spreading heavens, so far is one removed from the rush of human activities, that the experience is at times almost unnerving. Strange impulses come to one—to rise and leave the awful solitudes, to cry out and break the silence.

But we watch on. The very heart of earth itself might have ceased to beat! We long for any sign of human life. The ear strains to catch the faintest sound, but all that strikes it is that strange, inexplicable cry, infinitely distant, full of appeal as if for help, that is only heard in the deepest quietude of midnight.

THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.

If only a dog would break the silence with a friendly bark! The minutes seem endless.

But hark! From a long, long way up the valley comes the merest tremor of vibration. It grows to a murmur, to a definite rumble, regular and heavy, and we recognise it as the midnight train winding along the valley line. The sound draws nearer and nearer for a time, and then again grows fainter and fainter, as the nearest point to our encampment is reached and passed. Silence again!

Scarcely has the first hour of the new day been measured off than there comes that mysterious period of movement which has been likened to the sleeping earth turning on its side and heaving a contented sigh.

A faint breath gently stirs the twigs; the cattle pause in their grazing and look knowingly round, giving a whisk to their tails as if to say: "We know all about it"; a bird breaks into snatches of song; the shrill voice of a crowing cock comes across the valley. But dawn delays, and another hour of silence follows. Yesterday is indeed dead, but To-morrow is still unborn. A heavy dew has fallen; life is at its lowest ebb.

EARTH AWAKES.

The cold increases, and unless you are enthusiastic in your vigil you will wish you had gone comfortably to bed with your fellows.

You draw your rugs closely around you and refill your pipe. Your companion has rolled himself up and is fast asleep. You determine to see the pageant out, however, and soon the first signs of dawn appear.

The growing light reveals the multitude of living creatures among which you have spent the night. As you rise to stretch your limbs innumerable rabbits scuttle to their burrows. The earliest birds are flitting furtively here and there, uttering few and short notes, as if unwilling to disturb late sleepers.

Footsteps on the cobble stones around the nearest cottage echo in the morning air, and a thin blue curl of smoke from the cottage chimney signals to you that another day's work has begun.

You turn towards the town. It has disappeared! In its place is a white sea of mist that seems to have broken in from the distant shore, and to have retaken possession of its ancient bed. There is now no doubt about the hour, and almost before you have realised it, full day in all its splendour has spread across the land.

As you descend the hill, your rugs gathered on your arm, you are glad to have watched the pageant of night, and you are convinced that you have earned a hearty breakfast. Any way you mean to have one!

C. EASTON-GREY.

A MAN'S PRAYER.

WHAT IS YOURS?

O GOD:—

Give me above all things courage. Not, O God, that I may be glorified in the sight of men, but that in the hour of danger I may be able to succour and sustain the weak.

Give me courage, too, O God, so that those who are near and dear to me, who think much of me, may never have cause to be ashamed of me.

That is what haunts me, O Lord—the thought of shaming those who love me, and whom I love. I do not know that I am a brave man—I have never been put to the test—but I grow sick with fear lest I should one day prove a coward.

Give me courage, O God, not for my own sake, but for the sake of others.

Give me fortitude, O God, so that when it pleaseth Thee to punish me I may take my gruel like a man. If I use slang, O God, I do not mean to be disrespectful; I am just a man, opening his heart, and speaking like a man.

Great riches I do not crave, O God, but I most earnestly desire enough money to live decently in that state of life in which it hath pleased Thee to put me.

Therefore, I pray Thee, give me the chance of using my powers to the utmost. It hath not pleased Thee to give me great gifts, but let me make the best of myself.

Give me work to do that I can do—much work, man's work.

I should like to ask, O God, that the future of my wife and children might be assured; I often lie awake wondering what would become of them if Thou took me away from them. But I know I can only trust in Thee. I am still a young man, and it would be bad for me to have nothing to struggle for.

Therefore, O God, I pray again, give me work, much work, and the health and strength to do it.

As Thou knowest, O God, I am a temperate man, although I do not wish to boast. Keep me temperate, O God, so that I may fully enjoy the life Thou gavest me.

I meet many men, O God, who deny themselves wine and other pleasures, and it seems to me that they are even more foolish than those who go to excess, for surely they miss many pleasant things that Thou didst intend man to enjoy.

But I know that it is easy to overstep the mark, and therefore I pray Thee again, keep me temperate in all things.

Keep my heart soft, O God. I fear that sometimes in the stress and struggle of business I am growing into a hard man. I want to win in the battle of life, O God, but I want my fellow-men to say of me, "He is a good chap," and that I cannot be unless Thou keep my heart young and kind.

Often, O God, I am tempted to do dirty things; to take an unfair advantage of another man; to crush a weaker brother against the wall.

Save me from this temptation, O God, for often it is very strong, and my spirit falters.

I am only a man, O God, and I do not wish to be a saint. So many so-called "saints" are more sanctimonious than saintly, and they make me feel sick. But I want to be a good man, O God, and therefore, I pray Thee, make and keep me manly.

Save me, O God, from pettiness and meanness of thought and deed.

I would rather be a great sinner than a mean little thing that never does wrong because it is afraid. But I want to be a good man, O God, and therefore, once more, I pray Thee, make me manly.

O Lord, Thou knowest that I want my wife and children to be happy, but I know that much depends on me. It seems hard that innocent women and children should suffer for man's evil, but it is Thy Law, O God, and I bow my head to it.

O God, make and keep me a true Man, and then shall none come to harm by me.

DONALD ROUGH.

ARE YOU GAME?

IF NOT, WHY NOT?

"He died game." That is an epitaph of which any man, or perhaps I should say, shade, might well be proud.

Gameness, at first sight, appears to be indistinguishable from courage or pluck, and, of course, a man who is game must be both courageous and plucky; but we may say that a man shows his courage or his pluck in "facing fearful odds"; his gameness he reveals in the manner in which he takes punishment.

When you say of a boxer that he is game, you instantly conjure up a picture of a man who will take heavy punishment unflinchingly.

Tommy Burns showed himself game against Jack Johnson. He was in for a hiding, and he must have known it after the first round, but he took his gruel gamely.

Jockeys are usually game—they have to be, especially steeplechase jockeys.

More than once, a steeplechase jockey has fallen, broken an arm, or hurt himself pretty badly, but has remounted, finished, and won. That was gameness.

Dorando showed himself game to a degree in our Marathon Race; he was "done," "cooked," "dished," anything you like, but he struggled on, and to struggle on when beaten or in great difficulties is the very essence of gameness.

The game man never knows when he is beaten, and therefore he often snatches victory when all has seemed lost.

In the recent Cup Ties more than one team managed to equalise the score in the very last minute of the game; in one match, Portsmouth v. Sheffield United, the Yorkshire team made a draw of it with what proved to be the last kick of the game. They were game, and reaped their just reward.

Gameness is a mixture of physical and moral stamina. A brave man will not fail from want of moral courage, but he may go under from sheer physical inability to support the strain.

The game man seems always to be capable of just one more effort.

Knock him down, either literally or metaphorically, and he jumps up again like an india-rubber ball. Knock him twenty times, knock him down until you are tired of doing so, and he is still elastic.

You may pummel him into insensibility but he will not give you best.

"You have three months to live," said a doctor to a patient. "Right," said the latter, "I shall have roast pheasant and champagne for dinner every night!" No doubt he got tired of this monotonous diet, though more probably he only meant that he intended to have a good time while he lived, but he was as game, as, apparently, he was fond of game.

The game man dies face to the foe, and often assumes what some might call an air of bravado. When they shot Admiral Byng he refused to have his eyes bandaged, and himself gave the order to fire.

"Are you game for such-and-such a thing?"—it may be painting the town red or "bonnetting" a policeman—says one youngster to another. "No," says the prudent youth. "Not in my line." "Rather!" cries the game lad, though he may not have had the faintest idea of doing anything of the kind a moment before.

Such gameness, however, is often rather foolish, though there is something irresistibly attractive about it.

But true gameness is a most manly virtue, and may be summed up as the capacity for taking punishment, be it in sport or the more serious affairs of life, without flinching, for struggling on after hope is lost, and for never knowing when you are beaten.

The man who takes a business reverse gamely has as much right to the honour of being called game as has the fighter.

What was it the Spartans said before a great battle?—"We shall return with our shields or on them."

They were game.

C. A. HARRISON.

SPORTING STORIES.

OUR NEW NOBILITY.

The new Squire was a financier, and his knowledge of country life was as limited as the companies he floated.

One day he went out shooting, not because he wanted to, but because he considered it the right thing to do. Presently, as he traversed a woodland path, he encountered a venerable dame, bent with years but enormously fat, especially below the waist. Behind her slouched a lurcher dog.

"My good woman," said the Squire, "that's a business-looking dog you've got there."

"Ay!" said the dame, as the dog looked slyly from the corner of his eye. "He was my poor Thomas's pet before he died. It's a sad thing, sir, to be left a lone widow woman, especially when you've got dropsy so bad as I have."

The Squire took this opportunity of recommending Killum's pills, a commodity in which he was financially interested, and the old dame, curtseying, went her way.

Let us follow her to her cottage, dear reader. Observe her closely. From beneath her voluminous skirt she takes four brace of rabbits, while the dog winks knowingly at the box in which she is about to dispatch them to London.

"Yes," mutters the old dame, "I must write a testimonial for them there pills. This is what you might call instantaneous relief."

HIS HARD STRUGGLE.

Reginald St. Vincent alighted languidly from his lordly motor-car, threw his fur coat to the chauffeur and left the paddock, for the racing had not yet begun.

He had not gone far when he came upon a crowd, in the centre of which a Socialist spouter, mounted on an upturned tub, was saying nasty things about the well-to-do.

"There," he said, pointing to Reginald, "there is one of your masters, my wretched fellow slaves. There is a man who does not know what it is to strive for money."

"My good fellow," murmured Reginald, as he turned to retrace his steps to the paddock, "it is a painfully obvious fact that you don't know my father."

And the orator stood down.

NO INFORMATION SUPPLIED.

It was certainly annoying for Mr. Specknoodle to see his little son clambering upon the shelves of the bookcase with his dirty boots; still it evidenced a desire for knowledge which the little boy had never shown before.

At last the little boy reached the shelf on which was kept the Natural History, by whose means a publishing genius was successfully depriving many people of a halfpenny a day.

"What are you up to with the Natural History?" asked his father; but, before answering him, the little boy glanced furtively at the latest number; then with a sigh he turned to his parent.

"It's hard lines, Pa," he said. "I've gone all through the History of England to try to find out, and I was going to look up the Natural History but it hasn't got as far as W."

"What is it you want to find?" asked his father sympathetically.

"Well," said the little boy, "Jimmy MacSnunkie says McEwen played for the Wolves two years ago, and I say he didn't."

THE ORDER OF THE COUGH-DROP.

SECOND AWARD.

MOTTO (FOR THIS WEEK ONLY): COUGH IT UP!

"Walk up! Walk up! Walk up! An Elephant's meal in a Nutshell! Change all bad Nuts!"

Lend us your amaized ears, O fellow countrymen, and learn that we have this day appointed as KNIGHTROGEN GRAND BOSH, CHIEF (SALTED) ALMON(D)ER, and HEREDITARY BANANA BEARER of the

MOST ELEVATED and MOST NUTABLE ORDER of the COUGH-DROP,

our protoplasmonic and philanthropic friend,

EUSTACE MILES,

of Chandos Street and The Whelkeries, Margate.

CREST:

Water, surmounted by a Welsh Rabbit Rampant.

MOTTO:

A nut is as good as a feast.

Because:

He is the Proteidotype of Food-Faddists.

Nevertheless there is method (and money) in his madness.

Although he is now the very pink of pro-(teid)priety, he led a very (tennis) racketty youth.

He uses an electric pad to warm his bed.

And he is a married man.

He invented the saying, "Nut for Joseph."

He once entertained us at luncheon.

And we *did* enjoy it.

NUT 'ARF!

THINGS SEEN.

II. THE TROOPER.

He got into my carriage at King's Cross.

He was not much more than a boy—twenty, he afterwards told me, was his age.

When the train started my fellow passengers numbered three—the trooper, a Midland farmer and a naval stoker.

At Grantham I left the train to have a drink.

When I returned to the carriage I found that the farmer had taken his departure and that the two others had been buying chocolate from the refreshment boy. Both offered me a bit and I took it.

We talked for a while, and then I went to sleep, for it was after eleven. At York the sailor left and two rough, loud-voiced young men got in, and soon began chatting with the trooper.

I can sleep under almost any conditions, and they were hard at it when I dropped off again.

An hour later I woke up, saw where I was and closed my eyes once more; but my ears were less obedient.

The trooper was describing some manœuvres which his regiment had performed for the delectation of certain honoured visitors whom he called "Basuka" chiefs, and he was interlarding his simple narrative with the most blood-curdling swear-words, greatly to the delight of his two hearers, who tried feebly to rival him.

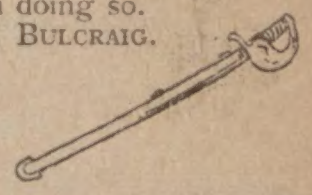
From time to time I woke up, always to hear the young trooper swearing like the proverbial Dragoon.

At Edinburgh the two strangers departed and the trooper and I were left alone. I did not want to sleep again, for it was now early morning, and the soldier and I talked about the Army from there to Dundee.

Never during the whole of that conversation did a swear-word cross his lips, and I could scarcely believe that it was he whom I had heard speaking during the night.

He was one of the most interesting fellow travellers I have ever met, and one of the most likeable. He spoke a good deal about the credit of the regiment, and possibly it was for the sake of that that he swore to the two rough passengers. He wanted to impress them favourably, and I verily believe he succeeded in doing so.

G. BULCRAIG.



Our Readers' Opinions.

WATER POLO.

This is a sport which does not receive the amount of attention in the athletic world which its merits demand; why, it is difficult to say.

Certainly the number of participants in the game must be limited in proportion to the number of baths, but, at the same time, the facilities at present are, in innumerable cases, going begging.

Every public baths should have its attendant polo teams, for, apart from the proficiency it requires of its participants, the sport is a most interesting one to watch. Unlike many other pastimes, however, its spectators are generally lovers of the sport themselves, a close and practical acquaintance with the conditions of the game being almost essential to true appreciation.

You must be a good swimmer before you can be any good at water-polo, and the desire to get into some team, or to help to win some match, is a fine incentive to improvement in swimming. It is like learning to ride a horse bare-backed, which is not in itself a very useful accomplishment, but greatly improves one's general horsemanship.

It is, unfortunately, indisputable that opportunities for foul play are more frequent than in the average sport, but a man who cannot resist these temptations should never play at anything—he is no sportsman.

LEGGINGS AND BOOTLACES.

You may have been annoyed to find, when wearing leggings, that the bow with which you tie your bootlaces insists on displaying itself where the leggings are cut away in front.

This always looks ugly, especially if the laces have metal ends.

The trouble is easily remedied, however, when putting the laces into the boot. It is easy to arrange them so that instead of tying in front in the ordinary way, the knot will come at the side, so as to be hidden by the legging.

But you must be careful that the knot does not come immediately over the ankle bone, for then it is liable to gall you even through the boot, owing to the friction of the legging.

CIRCUMSTANCES.

I have come to the conclusion that a man's worst enemies are circumstances. I have just been having a pretty sharp tussle with them, and I believe I have come out, for the time at least, on top.

There is no better test of a man than whether he can rise above circumstances or not, so perhaps it is only conceit that makes me write this, but I hope not.

In many cases "circumstances" simply stand for money, or position in life. A man can rise above circumstances in the matter of sport, for instance, by adopting those sports which are cheap and within his reach, and doing his best to excel at them without hankering after the sports of the wealthy.

Or again in his clothes, a man who has a little taste may dress well on a small amount, and look far smarter than the fellow who apes the garments of the rich and goes in for cheap imitations.

In my own case, however, circumstances meant a little more than that, and, as usual, the only weapon to fight them with was tact.

I was horribly unhappy at home. My people were not dependent on me, nor I on them. I did not get on very well with them, and wanted to get away and be independent, and I knew my parents would really be glad to get rid of me.

But I did not want to make an open split, as would have been inevitable if I had moved into "digs" in the same town.

So I applied for, and got, a post in another place, which has given me a splendid excuse for clearing out, and now I not only have my independence, but I find that on my occasional visits home all goes smoothly, and I am made most welcome.

FIRST OR THIRD CLASS?

Is it worth while travelling first class?

On long journeys I should say not, but on short suburban journeys where you are travelling daily to and from work, and where the trains are crowded, it pays in many cases to buy a first class season ticket.

The cost of this comes as a rule to rather less daily than a single third class ticket, and it ensures you more comfort and privacy than is possible in the crowded third.

To the hard worker an hour's journey in a comfortable first class carriage forms a rest, while, if you have any writing, reading, or calculation to do, you turn the time spent in travelling to good use instead of allowing it to be wasted.

With many a busy man the journey to and from the office is consecrated to the morning and evening newspapers.

It is impossible to read a daily paper in a crowded third class carriage, without suffering the greatest discomfort in the endeavour to keep the thing out of the way of your neighbours, and feeling a nuisance generally.

Find out whether you can enjoy the benefit of workmen's tickets on your line. These are purchased daily, and are particularly suitable for those whose journeys are not sufficiently frequent to make a season ticket worth while. They enable you to make the double journey at a good deal less than the third class single fare.

Some railway companies will not issue these tickets to anyone wearing a white collar, but most of the London lines allow the man with a frock coat, as well as the man in corduroys, to use a workman's ticket if he wants to. The chief drawback to workmen's trains is that they start so early.

PETS IN THE GARDEN.

The garden pet is unrivalled as a means of keeping down insect pests; moreover it adds to the interest of your garden. The tortoise necessarily takes first place, but be careful in buying one that you do not get a water tortoise, unless you have a pond. A good specimen of the land variety can be obtained for a shilling.

See to it in winter that the tortoise has some warm place to hibernate in, as otherwise, in spite of its sleep, the cold will kill it.

The fretful hedgehog, costing about 1s. 6d., should have a place, if you can afford it the shelter of a small shrubbery, or even a clump of well grown herbaceous plants.

Toads will thrive in any garden, and can be obtained from dealers at 2d. each. If you are ignorant of this branch of natural history be careful not to have palmed off upon you the green frog, which requires water.

Garden pets forage for themselves chiefly, but it is advisable at times to let them have some artificial food. Bread and milk will entirely meet the views of the hedgehog and the tortoise, and they very quickly get to know the person who feeds them.

IS YOURS HERE?

The paragraphs on this page are extremely interesting, but we are still waiting for yours.

There must be something you can tell your fellow readers—something that would interest them—something new. Put it into a paragraph and send it along; if it needs a bit of polishing up we'll do it. Don't exceed 250 words, and use a postcard if you like.

Each week we pay £1 1s. for the best and 5s. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, The Modern Man, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the guinea goes to Mr. Piers Purcell, 33, Romney Street, Moston, Manchester, for "Water Polo."

CHOOSING YOUR SONGS.

To the man who wants to be a social success, nothing is more valuable than a slight knowledge of music.

If he can perform on the piano well enough to play an ordinary accompaniment, he is usually a welcome guest. Many, however, have not the opportunity to learn to play, or are not gifted with sufficient musical ability.

But there are very few young men who could not take their part in a "sing-song" or other convivial meeting, if they only had the sense to choose suitable songs.

This is a matter in which you must cut your coat according to your cloth.

If your voice is untrained and not very powerful, do not try and sing extracts from Grand Opera, or "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

On the whole, also, it is best to steer clear of the sentimental song, unless you are possessed of a very true ear for music and a considerable amount of feeling.

Nothing sounds worse than to hear a little love lyric roared out as if it were a drinking song, with a partial collapse on the top notes.

The amateur with an untrained voice will do best to stick to songs which depend as much on the words as on the tune—not necessarily "comic" songs, but humorous songs of which the words have a point, and in which those parts which are too great a tax on the vocal powers may be spoken without the result appearing ridiculous.

THE FATHER'S PART.

There are some fathers who have very exaggerated ideas of their duty to their children, and I have observed that these are almost invariably the worst parents.

In some cases when the son's career has to be decided upon, a solemn and serious family council is held. Fortunately this absurd institution is getting out of date, for the jury never agree upon the verdict; it is embarrassing for the boy, even if he is not present, to know that he is being discussed.

Some fathers—and I very much fear that they are in the majority—take the opportunity of every small delinquency to preach their son a sermon on the subject, or, still worse, on moral behaviour generally.

The result of this is, if it has any effect on the victim at all, save to turn him still further from the right way, to make the son merely a rotten imitation of the father.

The ideal father should be sympathetic, and remember that there really is truth in the truism, "Boys will be boys," and also that he was once very much the same.

He is a chum, and not an awe-inspiring Person who must be called "Sir," and kept in ignorance, for fear of the consequences, when the boy is in real trouble.

A word from such a father carries more weight than the longest sermon from the preaching variety.

SETTING A HORSE'S SHOULDER.

It happens not infrequently that if a horse jumps awkwardly he puts his shoulder out. The resetting of it may seem a matter of absolute impossibility to those unacquainted with veterinary science, for you cannot manipulate the shoulder of a horse as you might that of a man.

The remedy, however, is a simple one and in most cases is successful. Fix a leading rein to the horse's bridle, take him to the river, get in a boat, and, holding the rein in your hand, induce him to follow you in the water. Have the boat rowed up stream, and make the horse swim behind you against the current.

He must kick out his legs or drown, and the action of swimming against the current serves to bring the injured shoulder back to its proper position.

Some horses are more liable than others to having a shoulder put out, and have to be subjected to this treatment from time to time. It is effective and painless, and they suffer no hardship apart from that of entering cold water.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

Kernahan's Recruit.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

young recruit is 'aughty, 'e drops from
Gawd knows where;
y bid 'im show 'is stockin's, an' lay 'is mattress square;
calls it blo.min' nonsense—'e does'n't know no more—
then, up comes 'is Company, an kicks 'im round the floor.—KIPLING.

I.

The evening's "dismounted drill" was over d practically all the strength of "B" uadron were drawn up—a thin yellow and ue line, awaiting the "dismiss."

"Stand at ease!" shouted Sergeant-Major ighton in a voice calculated to reach over uaries.

Then he addressed them long and earnestly, d when the Sergeant-Major speaks thus it hoves "B" Squadron to listen attentively to at most exacting man on parade and their osest comrade off duty.

The Blankshire Yeomanry, like many other its under the Government's new scheme, were t up to the required strength. Disbandment, d worse still, possible attachment to another egiment's roll in the Eastern Command, omed like a threatening storm cloud on the rizon.

Colonel Blenkinsop himself, keenest of com- anders, and best of gentlemen, who wrote .O. and A.D.C. after his name when he ppened to remember it, had made a special urney to Brermouth to address the men. He nk into their minds that it was their sacred ty to bring the Squadron up to strength. It eant that or Oblivion—and "B" Squadron ould be the crack corps no more.

Later, in the lounge of the Meteor Hotel, the eadquarters of "B" Squadron, the Colonel, noking the cigar of good fellowship, drew ound him Troopers Kernahan, Stephen, Shaw, opham, and half a dozen others who put no- ing above the wellbeing of the "King's Own." In a few kindly words, as one comrade to nother, he announced his intention of making em personally responsible, with the Sergeant- ajor, for the recruiting. The men became thusiastic over the matter.

The Colonel nodded and ordered refreshments r the company with the air of a man whose n is already accomplished.

"Mind you," he said, as he rose to go, "I'm aving it absolutely with my Tenth Legion."

"If you will provide sufficient attestation rms, sir," said Kernahan warmly, "we'll do e rest."

* * * * * *

"The devil of it," observed Kernahan when e Sergeant-Major joined the circle in the unge, "is not finding men who *will* join, but haps who are really suitable. Personally I ar the sweepings of Brermouth, who would erely employ their time at camp in trying to aster cavalry back-talk, and swear like the roverbial trooper."

Now this remark might seem bigoted to the initiated, but when the natural tone of a Troop high, men who are pardonably proud of their egiment are as discriminating in the selection f new members as a civilian is careful of whom e proposes for his club.

The Sergeant-Major pulled at his pipe oughtfully.

"Really," he burst out at length, "for mode- tely intelligent young men—Mr. Stephen, Mr. haw, and especially you, Mr. Kernahan—why ou must be stone blind not to see what's been ing absolutely under your noses for ages!"

"What's that?" The circle were mystified.

"I'm an older man than any of you," said he Sergeant-Major, opening with his usual tock phrase, "and I think I've seen a bit more han most of you that go about with your eyes hut. You want the prestige of the Squadron ept up, as I do also. You want good fellows— ood sorts in every way, to join?"

The company assented vigorously.

"Very well. Good Yeomen, unlike poets, are ade as well as born. You've all got friends who are not attached to the Territorials, nor doing their little bit for the country in any way ——"

A languid young man, who seemed quite one of the circle, except that he was dressed in mufti, broke in.

"Major," he said laughingly, "I take that last remark as personal."

"Shut up, Wisp. Go on, Major!" came a chorus.

Reginald McLeod Carteret, christened The Wisp by Kernahan, for that he was indeed a youth of straw, retired, crushed, behind a detached sheet of newspaper. Finding nothing to interest him in the page, which was devoted mainly to Stock Exchange quotations and steamship sailings, he rose to go.

"Don't go, Wisp!" said the friends of his bosom—Kernahan's set. "We like your edifyin' company."

"Rot!" said Mr. Carteret. "I'm off to take the billiard marker on at snooker. You'll go on jawin' for hours, I know, about sections, an' vedettes, an' flanks, an' signallin', an' all that sort of piffle. See you later. 'Night, Major!"

"That's just where you chaps go wrong, shutting him up like that," said the Sergeant-Major, as the doors closed behind the sapling form of Carteret. "He's a decent little chap. and just the sort to make a Yeoman at once—Kernahan."

Kernahan smiled with the rest of them, but felt uneasy.

Truth to tell, Mr. Carteret had never been unduly pressed to become a member of "B" Squadron, as his reputation savoured more of prowess in the art of lounging gracefully, than of active athletics. He never assumed the dash and go peculiar to the horsey gentlemen of "B" Squadron.

In Miss Stephen's album of "Confessions," he had designated his pet aversion as "horses, also beetles," and was justly notorious for this. Yet for all that he was a "good sportsman" in the accepted sense of the term, one who was ready to enter heartily into all the amusements—concerts and dances—held in connection with "B" Squadron, of which he considered himself a sort of Honorary Trooper.

"Of course," said Kernahan, "we should be glad to have Carteret with us, Major, but——"

"Imagine The Wisp on horseback!" said Stephen, and the others roared—all but the Sergeant-Major.

An uncomfortable silence fell at length. The Sergeant-Major was blowing angry clouds of smoke.

"That's just the sort of thing," he observed icily, "that is the canker at the heart of Territorialism. You laugh at a man because he doesn't *swank*—I can use no other word—about what he can do. How many have I known in my time, who've let themselves drift into weak-kneed public-house crawlers and barmaid mashers, just because they shot up like saplings in their teens, and couldn't stand being laughed at when more gradually developed men whacked 'em once or twice at boxing or other manly sports. When they've choked it all back—an' they felt like blubbin' sometimes like kids, I can tell you—they imagine they're delicate, and take to readin' poetry and dreaming. Now Carteret's a damned good little chap, and you've got to stop him travelling that road—he's at the cross-ways now. Make him a Yeoman, and give him a chance—the rest is easy."

"Hanged if you're not right, Major," said someone. "I think we can guarantee you *one* recruit if we're diplomatic."

"One? Good Lord! There are hundreds of Carterets all over the country—waiting to be offered the chance they're too bashful or nervous to take. But here's *your* particular opportunity—and I believe I can trust the Tenth Legion, eh? Carteret's got to be made a *man!*"

II.

If there was one man in this world to whom The Wisp extended the most abject hero-worship, it was Kernahan of the King's Own—Kernahan, who recked little of passing the biggest motor-cars when mounted on a spirited horse—Kernahan, who was never more happy than when he was "schooling" young horses over hurdles—Kernahan, whose cavalry swagger was not altogether born of pure ostentation.

Half-knowing this, for the two were close friends, Kernahan saw that it rested mainly with him to carry out Sergeant-Major Brighton's suggestions.

But his tactics were peculiar. It would have been fatal to insist on The Wisp joining the Squadron at once, he was the sort that, like a spirited nervous thoroughbred, required delicate and skilful handling.

Now, when any discussion arose relative to the auxiliary forces, Mr. Carteret could always be trusted to take the bitterly cynical side. Therefore, when, after the weekly drill, a group of Yeomen foregathered in the Territorial Club's smoke room, Carteret, long since made an honorary member, was with them.

"How are you getting on with your giddy recruiting?" asked The Wisp.

"As well as can be expected," Kernahan replied guardedly, "but we're particular who we take in 'B' Squadron."

"Yes, I think Haldane's scheme has fairly weeded out those who want to play at soldiers," Carteret observed delightedly. "No loungers or weaklings need apply!"

"Quite right, too," said Stephen, "you seem to know a lot about it, Carteret."

"I do. I'm one of the weeds myself."

"Rot! You deceive yourself," exclaimed Kernahan. "You're the chap that ought to join now. Where's your patriotism?"

Carteret blushed a little, but he was still determined to brazen it out.

"Patriotism? Are you burnin' to die for your country?"

"Not if I can manage to avoid it," said Kernahan, laughing, "but, I say, old man, what would you do if England were invaded to-morrow?"

"Er—er—I don't know," said Carteret, weakly.

"But I do!" exclaimed Kernahan. "You wouldn't want to hide under cover with the women and kids, whilst your pals were in the thick of it!"

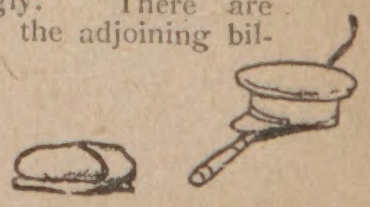
"No, damn it, I shouldn't!" The Wisp was visibly moved. Now was the crucial moment.

It was Kernahan who grasped The Wisp's cap and, leading him, as in a dream, to the looking-glass, placed upon his head the gorgeous yellow-banded peak cap of the King's Own.

Now, was it by accident, or had it all been carefully pre-arranged? At that moment Nemesis, in the person of the Sergeant-Major, accompanied by the Colonel, entered the swing doors.

The tradition of the Regiment is that any civilian assuming their head dress shall be fined drinks round, or join immediately.

"This will cost you a lot, Mr. Carteret," said the Sergeant-Major jokingly. "There are about thirty of our chaps in the adjoining bil-



liard-room. Drinks all round, or you must be sworn in at once."

"Show your pluck!" exclaimed Kernahan, while Carteret jingled his money, ready to pay the penalty.

"Do you mean it, Major?"

"Rather—I don't think we'll allow you the option of a fine."

There was no mistaking the genuine tone.

Ten minutes later the blushing Carteret, Book in hand, was repeating this formula after the Colonel—

"I, Reginald McLeod Carteret, do make Oath, that I will be faithful and bear true Allegiance to His Majesty King Edward the Seventh, His Heirs, and Successors, and that I will, as in duty bound, honestly and faithfully defend His Majesty, His Heirs and Successors, in Person, Crown and Dignity against all enemies, according to the conditions of my service."

* * * * * * *

It was after the first Recruit's Mounted Drill that Kernahan spoke thus to a group of trained Yeomen—

"Yes, and what do you think? This afternoon I met The Wisp, his uniform covered with mud—of course he had been chucked off his charger. 'Hallo, Wisp, you look a bit upset,' I said. 'Wisp be damned!' says he, 'I'm Trooper Reginald McLeod Carteret, and anyone forgettin' that fact either gets or gives me a good lickin'—so look out for your eye!'"

"You've nursed the pinion that impelled the steel, I fear," Stephen quoted.

The Wisp had come to man's estate!

TOODLE-OO!

Some philanthropist ought to offer a prize for a new phrase which we might use in saying farewell to our friends. To say "Good-bye" implies the possibility that the meeting may be the last one; to say "Farewell" or "Adieu" is left for the writers of books.

The ordinary man contents himself with muttering "So long," sometimes "Ta-ta," and sometimes the mysterious "Toodle-oo."

When we want something more dignified we generally refer to the time, as in "Good morning," "Good afternoon," or "Good night."

We won't say "Au revoir" because it is French, and as good Britons we refuse to acknowledge the superiority of any foreign language. What we want is a brand new expression, and although we offer no prize we shall be glad to receive suggestions from our readers. This competition is not open to Mr. Hall Caine, Lord Northcliffe, or Mother Seigel.

THE SMOKER SMIT.

Edison is a tremendous smoker, and one of the automatic variety. He is rarely seen without a cigar between his teeth.

He buys his smokes in quantities, but one day when he went to the box to refill his case and found it empty, the idea struck him that even he could not possibly have got through that number of cigars in the time. In his workshop he has many assistants, and he thought they had perhaps been assisting him with more than his work.

So he hied him to his tobacconist and related to him his troubles.

"Oh, yes," replied that gentleman, "I've known of similar cases, but the trouble is not hard to cure. I'll make you a hundred of fake cigars, all right to look at, but filled with horsehair and bits of rubber. Guaranteed to cure any thief!"

A week later Edison happened to be in the same shop.

"By the way," he said, "I thought you were going to fake some cigars for me."

"So I did," replied the tobacconist. "They were delivered the day following your visit here. I put them in a red box and labelled them with yellow bands."

Edison thought for a moment; then he smiled.

"I smoked those myself," he confessed.

Call not this time wasted; it is rest.—CARNEY.

The evening is the time when a man gets wise, provided he doesn't do any of the things that are commonly described as useful.

Some men have to spend their evenings studying; that is their misfortune and they will have to content themselves with the reflection that they may have time to get wise later on. Some men have to work in the evenings to make their daily bread; they ought to have chosen an easier job. Most men who work o' nights do it because they have not worked hard enough in the daytime and have arrears to make up; they have nobody but themselves to thank for that.

The evening workers are to be numbered amongst the unfortunates, whatever be the reason for their working, because they are losing their best opportunity for learning more about human nature and about themselves.

The evening hours should be spent in complete relaxation, and the nature of it must be dependent on the daily labours.

The man who earns his grub with his hands is pretty well tired out by the day's end. What he needs is a comfortable chair, a pipe and a good book.

He doesn't want a heavy work; heavy writers tell you about the Solar system, the geological strata and other things that don't matter a pinpoint to anybody.

The writers who tell you the things that do matter are the novelists. They set you thinking about people and about yourself, and you learn more of life and become wiser and better. You can't really think about geological strata and æons and the differential calculus; you only fool yourself that you do.

The man who makes his living at the desk, on the other hand, wants relaxation of a physical kind. He feels the need of using his muscles, and, without thinking very much about it, he has a spar with a friend, a cross-country run, or whatever his fancy dictates.

He also is becoming wiser in the evenings.

He meets his fellow men under conditions different from those holding in working hours. Then they were at business with all its restraint; now they are just plain, natural men, and from intercourse with them under these improved conditions he learns a lot; the veneer of the business world is gone and human nature is laid bare.

Thirdly there is the relaxation that every man has indulged in since the days of Adam: courting.

Provided the girl is the right one, this form of recreation beats the other two hollow—as, of course, you know.

G. GALBRAITH.

WHAT HAVE YOU TO SELL?

Lots of things, clothes, sporting appliances, dogs, books and other masculine possessions which have ceased to be useful to you.

Dispose of them profitably by selling them through our Readers' Sale and Exchange columns. For full particulars see page 3 of this week's cover.

MODERN PIRATES.

SOME MEN WHO LAUGH AT CIVILISATION.

The modernity of the twentieth century is somewhat toned down when we learn that piracy, far from being stamped out, is still rampant in many parts of the world.

Quite recently a pirate steamer cruised about Long Island Sound within twenty miles of New York, and the crew made midnight expeditions to the country mansions of the millionaires along the coast. They were not burglars, for they relied upon force instead of strategy. The booty they secured is estimated at many thousands of pounds. They were wise enough either to give up the game or to go elsewhere in time, for they were never captured.

Then we have at the beginning of this year the seizure of the *Neuvre Tigre* in the South Pacific. In the darkness of the night a pirate schooner drew up alongside and the men boarded the trading vessel. They made the captain and his first mate walk the plank in the old-fashioned way. Then they changed the name of the ship to the *White Rose* and forsook their own vessel in her favour. Eventually they let her run ashore on an island where her wreckage was subsequently discovered, but they have not so far been found.

The China seas are still infested with pirates. Their raid on the British steamer *Sainam* in November, 1906, illustrates their usual method. Some twenty pirates boarded the vessel as passengers at Canton, and made a sudden attack on the Europeans during dinner.

They were joined by others from the banks of the river, and in the fight that ensued Dr. Macdonald, a missionary, was shot dead. When the crew had been overpowered, the pirates anchored the steamer in a creek, looted her of the ammunition of which her cargo consisted and departed.

Not long before, another British steamer, the *Lily*, was served in precisely similar manner. After her crew had been beaten she was met at Shaik Tan by two piratical craft, provisions and ammunition were put aboard her, and the *Lily* became a pirate, holding up and robbing vessels both Chinese and European.

At length the pirates rammed a steamer with her, and the *Lily* was so much injured that her captors left her in favour of another vessel.

So common are these outrages that owners of vessels carrying opium and specie have in most cases fitted up pipes round the deck by which it may be flooded with scalding steam, a defence that is more impregnable than bullets.

A Russian mail steamer was recently held up in the Black Sea by twenty-five pirates who had come aboard as passengers. They overpowered the captain and crew and plundered the mail bags. Then, leaving their victims bound, they made off for shore in the ship's boats and were never captured.

Allied to piracy is the slave traffic which is still rampant. The Italian authorities have recently co-operated with the British for the suppression of this horrible trade in the Red Sea, but it still goes on. In Egypt itself there are many slaves, and others are constantly smuggled across from the Soudan, their destination being Turkey. Even European girls are sometimes captured and sold to a Turkish harem at £1,000 each.

We have the authority of the Bishop of Uganda for stating that in British East Africa slavery still exists in a pure and unquestioned form. The Portuguese Islands of San Thomé and Principe supply most of our cocoa and rear it by slave labour, the slaves being guarded by armed natives who shoot them down if they attempt to escape.

In Georgia and Alabama many of the planters still have slaves. They treat them with great cruelty and hunt them down with bloodhounds when they escape. The authorities recently found seventy-eight of these unhappy wretches huddled together in a lime kiln and guarded by men with rifles.

S. GEOFFREY DONALDSON.

HORSEMEN, THE WORLD OVER.

Give me a horse and a good lot.—Scott.

For the finest horsemen in the world we must certainly go to what may still be called Spanish America—Mexico and the South American republics.

Yet the horse is not indigenous in America. When Columbus discovered the New World the horse was unknown to the land. The wild horses of the prairies and the pampas were descended from the horses brought over by the Spanish conquerors that escaped to the wilds.

Of the horses found in America the great majority are of this type, the Andalusian Arab, a smaller animal than the large English-bred horse we are accustomed to, but equal in every respect, and the species is generally known by the name "mustang."

But it is with riders that I mean chiefly to deal. The palm must undoubtedly be given to the Gauchos, of Buenos Ayres, as the boldest and most skilful horsemen. The Guacho is a native of the Pampas. He and his horse are practically never separated, as they scour over the pampas in all weathers. The two sleep together, the Guacho pillowing his head upon his horse's haunch, while his saddle is his chest of drawers, containing as it does all his bag-gage, clothes, and so on.

GUACHO AS MAN OF FASHION.

They are great dandies on fête days, these Gauchos. Ponchos, or capes of cloth in brightly coloured stripes, hang from the neck to the hips in graceful folds, the head being simply thrust through a hole in the centre. The trousers of green or blue velvet are bordered all down the outer seam with a rich golden lace or fringe, from two to six inches deep. Over these are worn enormous gaiters of untanned red leather with little silver bells that tinkle with the wearer's movements. Round the belt is all embroidered in silver thread, and in this belt are stuck his knife, lasso and bolas.

It is at their sports that the Guachos are seen at their best. A horseman will gallop after a line of his comrades, who try to lasso him as he flies, and so bring him down. The dexterity required to noose the feet of the rider at full speed, however, is only equalled by the rider's amazingly easy dismount, as the horse goes with a crash to earth. He springs from the saddle, alighting upon his feet, still smoking his eternal cigarette.

The Guacho is a splendid sport and very rough on the horse. But the Guacho is more than half savage.

FEATS OF HORSEMANSHIP.

A favourite sport among the Guachos is a sight to see. Each tries another game with them is to ride through an ordinary finger-ring hanging from a small gallows, and carry off the ring while galloping by at full speed. A Guacho will mount and stand erect on the withers of his horse while it is tearing along at full speed, just like a circus rider, and the ubiquitous Gaucho will scarcely survey the distant prairie for days together.

Next to the Guacho comes the "llanero," of Venezuela, a cowboy or ranchman of the great plains or "llanos." It was the headlong charge of these wild and daring horsemen, under Bolivar, that won Venezuela her freedom. The well-armed and well-disciplined troops of Spain could not stand against them. They broke up and scattered cavalry and infantry alike, like chaff before the wind, with their resistless whirlwind charges.

The cowboy of Texas and Mexico needs no introduction to us. Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show has made us familiar with him in his pristine glory, breaking in wild horses or untamed "buckjumping" ponies.

No one who has never seen a "bronco-busting" can imagine anything like it. The untamed brute's four feet are first lassoed, and it is thrown upon its back, when a bit is put in its mouth, and it is bridled and saddled. Then its legs are freed and the lasso removed from its neck. It scrambles up, fire darting from its eyes, but like a flash the cowboy has bounded into the saddle.

The bronco stands for a moment surprised and wondering what strange creature is on its back. Then it humps itself like a camel, and bounds straight up in the air, almost its own height, coming down with legs as stiff as pokers. The shock is enough to send any ordinary rider shooting skyward like a rocket. But the cowboy is still in the saddle, and lets the bronco know it with whip and spur.

Off the animal gallops, suddenly to stop dead and duck its head between its legs. Then on its hind legs it dances round and round, standing bolt upright, and immediately after it throws itself sideways, and tries to roll upon its rider. But he has lightly sprung to earth, and, as promptly as the baffled brute regains its feet, he regains the saddle.

THE FINEST LIGHT CAVALRY.

So the struggle goes on until either the cowboy's neck is broken, or the bronco acknowledges him its master and meekly submits to do his bidding.

Coming to the Old World, we have the Cossacks of Russia, those magnificent horsemen of the Steppes. The Don Cossacks, or those of the Valley of the Don River, are the most renowned amongst them; and they form one of the most efficient elements in the Russian army, their splendid horsemanship constituting them the finest of light cavalry.

Then come the Arabs and the Turcomans. Everyone has heard of Arabian horses, those beautifully made creatures whose matchless symmetry is only excelled by their swiftness and high mettle. The finest Arabian horses, and therefore I conclude the finest Arab horsemen also, hail from the country round Mocha.

The Turcoman's horse, on the other hand, is not a beauty, but in point of speed and endurance it is the equal of any of its kind. Its owner trains it for long distance riding in a remarkable way. He feeds it sparingly on barley only, and piles cloths upon it at night to sweat it of every particle of fat, and make the flesh "as hard as marble." A Turcoman's horse is also taught to fight in battle with all four feet and with its teeth.

THE HORSE AS FIGHTER.

At a word from its rider it will dash at man or animal and bite savagely or rear and pound with the fore feet, wheeling round immediately after and giving the *coup-de-grace* with a lash of its hind hoofs. It will obey a movement of the knee or the impulse of the body of its rider, who thus contrives to have both hands free to thrust with his lance, for it is a curious thing that all over the world the lance is the favourite weapon of horsemen.

T. RAMSBOTHAM.

FOOTBALL REFORMED.

SOME SUGGESTIONS.

We are drawing to the close of yet another football season, and it is a convenient time to take stock of football, more particularly the professional association game.

How stands it? Is it going forwards or backwards? Well, in my opinion, it is on the downgrade, and I will tell you why. Football, like cricket, is suffering from dulness.

Professional football, except perhaps in Cup Ties, has become extremely monotonous, and, if it is to survive, the players will have to wake up, and introduce some novelty into their methods.

At present, with few exceptions, these methods are absolutely stereotyped, and when you have seen one professional game you have seen all.

Rugby football, on the other hand, is becoming increasingly popular as a spectacle. Why? Because experiments are constantly being made, modifications constantly being introduced, and few teams play the same sort of game.

The first step, then, towards reformed Association football is experiments with the formation of the players.

Rugger players have thought out and adopted all sorts of novelties, in the way of altering the number of forwards, inventing such special positions as the "five eighths," and so on, but Soccer men adhere to the time-honoured five forwards, three halves, two backs, and one goalkeeper, and look like sticking to them for ever.

Why shouldn't some team try six or seven forwards? The innovation might mean success to the team that adopted it, and it is certainly worth a trial, but the Soccer player never seems to rise to anything original.

Rugby players are less conservative; hence the development of their game.

At one time Rugger forwards were supposed to do nothing but shove. Now they are selected as much for their running, passing, and dribbling powers as for anything else.

The Welshmen revolutionised Rugby when they had the pluck to try four three-quarters. The New Zealanders revolutionised it again with their five-eighths and their lock forward, but Soccer has stood still, the methods of attack and defence being practically the same as when the Football League was first formed, save that players were far more individual in those days than they are now.

And then the players themselves are, for the most part, such machines. Each man has a certain area to cover, and very seldom will he step outside his prescribed limits, no matter what the obvious advantage to be gained.

The wing forward has no ideas beyond running along the touch line and centreing. The average centre forward would never dream of dashing off at a tangent.

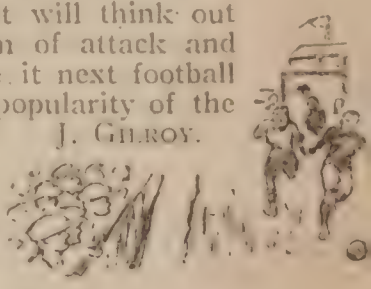
Yet it is the unexpected that pays. None who saw the Crystal Palace and Wolverhampton Wanderers replayed Cup-Tie will ever forget Needham's goal in the last few minutes of the game. Needham was playing back, and from about mid-field he got the ball and dribbled clean through the Wolves, who seemed to be paralysed by a sight of a back dribbling, ending by shooting a magnificent goal.

Granted that Needham is a man who can play forward or anywhere else when required, the incident lends point to my argument. Why should Soccer backs 99 times out of 100 content themselves with hard kicking?

Cricket has unquestionably lost in popularity through the dulness of much of the play, and there is no good reason why the winter game should not pay the penalty of unattractiveness due to hide-bound methods.

The combinations that can be worked with eleven players run into big figures, and I venture to say that the team that will think out and practise some new system of attack and defence, will carry all before it next football season and revive the waning popularity of the professional game.

J. GILROY.



WHERE MEN FOREGATHER.

IV. THE MUSIC HALL.

Twenty years ago a mother trembled at the thought of her son's going to a music-hall. To-day she takes him there, and the old lady is not the last to be amused, by a long chalk.

At least, that is true of the big music-halls, where the doctrine of respectability is perhaps carried to excess, at all events in the opinion of those, who, like myself, can remember the music-hall days of the chairman, to whom it was a much-prized honour to be allowed to stand drinks, and when the entertainment was emphatically "for men only."

The daughters of Lutetia, or, if you like it better, the ladies of France, were not unknown in music-halldom then, and they are not unknown now.

On the stage now there is nothing that could bring a blush to the cheek of Gilbert's typical maiden, but music-hall managers and shareholders presumably have elastic consciences, for the promenade still exists, and helps materially to swell dividends. And it is in the promenade that we shall look for some types of music-hall men, for here I am not concerned with the bait that lures men to the promenade.

PROMENADE TYPES.

Some of the male frequenters openly proclaim their lascivious quest; gross, animal creatures who buy what no decent woman would give them.

But there are types not so repellent. The brown-faced subaltern from Aldershot, the "larky" medical student, the blue-eyed young naval officer, they are often to be seen in the promenade. Genial, hearty fellows, who call it "seeing life," and experience some peculiar satisfaction in drinking villainous whisky at extortionate prices, and listening to the broken English and highly improper proposals of Mademoiselle Fifi or Fräulein Marguerite.

You shall, however, see men of a sterner type, grown men, bronzed and tanned, bearing the stamp of India or other distant land, obviously just home from some outpost of Empire.

Why do they turn into the promenade their first evening in town? Possibly for the sake of the painted butterflies, more probably, I think, because men foregather in the promenade; it is a rendezvous, a place for meeting old friends.

THE MEETING PLACE OF FRIENDS.

The returned wanderer hies him to the promenade in the hope, amounting almost to a certainty, of running across some old acquaintance or friend, just as he used to turn as a matter of course to stroll into "Jimmy's" or the Long Bar at the "Cri." when once again he felt the London pavement beneath his feet.

Men of action these, and you "spot" them at once, if only for the contrast between them and the regular black-coated, white-chokered habitués of the promenade.

This last type is a curious one. The men of it never look at the performance, yet they always leave alone. They may drink, and flirt and smoke with Circe, but no more. They are men about town, and they come to the promenade from force of habit, as a necessary part of the evening round.

Very similar is another type, the business man, who comes to the promenade to forget his worries. Usually he is a speculator, Stock Exchange, Lloyd's, or what not. The "show" doesn't interest him, the women still less, but in the glitter and glare, the swish of silken skirts, the popping of corks and clinking of glasses, even the aimless babble, he finds an anodyne for his overstrung nerves. He might find all these things in Society, but then he would have to talk and be civil. Here he can do as he likes. Fifi may chatter, but he needn't listen, the whisky is poison, but temporarily at least it dulls the edge of worry. And so he sits and sits, bored, yet in a measure content.

It is at the smaller halls, however, that you see stranger and better defined types, especially in the audience.

I call to mind one in a Scotch university city. A wretched building, meet frame for an appalling performance. Yet there was one constant nightly visitor in the stalls, of which he was almost the only occupant.

A FISH OUT OF WATER.

No lovesick youth, this, "stuck" on one of the Sisters Lively, but an aged, learned man, a profound thinker, one of the foremost mathematicians of his day.

Every evening he came to the one horse music-hall, leaving the most intricate problems to listen to the very depth of vulgar banality. Why? Because it was his relaxation, nay, more, his mental salvation. Just as some great men have found pleasure in reading the trashiest of novels, so did the profound mathematician find much-needed rest and change in the little, ramshackle "Grand Theatre of Varieties."

I remember another usually solitary occupant of the stalls at another small hall. He was a young "masher," a la-di-da youth who sat in the stalls, because there he attracted most attention.

Oh, it was great to see him; the lordly, damn-the-expense air with which he threw away his half-smoked cigarette (10 for 3d. including oleograph); his prodigal consumption of "small Basses"; his discriminating applause; his delightful air of patronage of all and sundry.

But for fun give me a music-hall at the seaside, especially on the North-East coast. I have heard medical and 'varsity students sing choruses in music-halls, and the windows in neighbouring houses were shattered. But their best efforts were pianissimo, feeble beyond description, compared with the row made by an audience composed of North Sea fishermen, home after a good catch.

A ROUSING CHORUS.

An orderly row, mind you, but—my whiskers—they could fairly lift the roof off when they took up one of their favourite choruses. The stage-singer had a soft job. He had just to open his mouth, and let the audience do the rest.

And then there was a delightful familiarity between performer and audience. I remember one old trawler-captain, a sea-dog as broad as he was long, with a face like an oak plank, and a voice that rumbled like a Pickford's motor-van. He invariably talked to the performers on the stage in the friendliest manner, and between turns he would often oblige with a song himself—it sounded like a thunderstorm gone mad.

But it was clean, healthy and manly, and on the whole I prefer the small music-hall to the big one, where decorum is often carried to the verge of dulness.

A scene which those who have been present never forget, is to be found at the "Empire" after one of the Inter-'Varsity matches—on Boat-Race night, or what the undergraduate knows as "Rugger Night."

The whole house is packed with uproarious young men, who simply come to enjoy themselves as only the 'Varsity man can. The show is a minor detail, and good fellowship and noise are the order of the day. PETER GILCHRIST.

THE GRAND NATIONAL

OUR MOST FAMOUS STEEPLECHASE.

The Grand National, which is [illegible] Friday, is of all races the one which [illegible] heart of the backer, for there can be no [illegible] able anticipation as to which horse will win

In a sense this makes the race probably most sporting event in the whole racing ca[lendar], for its very uncertainty lends it an inte[rest] and excitement to the general public in spit[e of] its unsatisfactory nature to the betting man

Last year, for example, when Major [Pennant's] Pennant's Rubio won at sixty-six to [one], mouth of every man who owned a hunter [was] to water.

Rubio as a yearling changed hands for fif[ty] guineas; Major Pennant bought him as a [bargain] for ninety-five, but in the hunting field he sho[wed] so little stamina that he was for a time lent [to] his owner to a hotel keeper in Tow[cester] was used by him to draw a trap.

The reason for the success of horses [which] have not previously shown much talent is [largely] due to the skill of their jockeys, but also to a large extent to the element of competition, a horse dislikes being beaten as much as [a man].

Be the heart of the horse as good as it may, however, there is in addition required abso[lute] soundness, for otherwise it could never last the course of over four miles.

Soundness also is required of the jockey, a greater portion of pluck. The Grand Nati[onal] course is such as not one hunting man in a thousand would care to tackle, and riders in this race carry their lives literally in their hands.

In a sense, therefore, the Grand Nat[ional] a thoroughly sporting event, having the ments of the unexpected in a high degree, also demanding quality in the horse and and courage in the riders.

But if we look at the race from a [sporting] point of view it is difficult for us to be so thusiastic. In one year eleven of the six competing horses came croppers at the [first] obstacles. Each year during the race [many] have to be slaughtered, while others, not [so] disabled, have a shoulder temporarily put which makes them unfit for much after[wards] and many become victims to staggers.

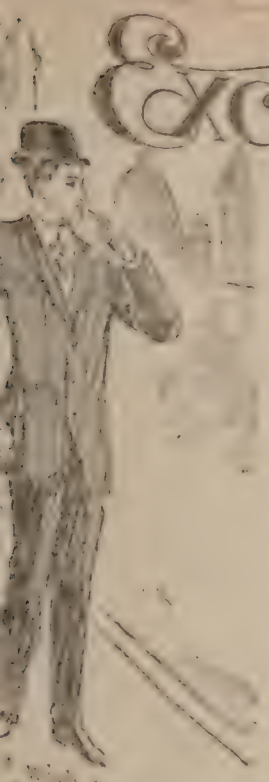
Small wonder when we look at the following list of the obstacles which have to be mounted.

1. Gorse fence, 4 ft. 10 ins.
2. Gorse fence, 4 ft. 11 ins.
3. Gorse fence, 4 ft. 11 ins.
4. Gorse fence, 4 ft. 11 ins.
5. Open ditch and fence with guard
6. Gorse fence, 4 ft. 11 ins.
7. Open ditch and fence with guard
8. Natural fence, 4 ft. 9 ins.
9. Gorse fence, 4 ft. 9 ins.
10. Water jump, 12 ft., and fence
11. Plain fence, 3 ft., with ditch side.
12. Packed fence, 4 ft. 10 ins.
13. Natural fence on a bank.
14. Open ditch with guard rail
15. Gorse fence, 4 ft. 11 ins.
16. Natural fence, 5 ft.
17. Fence built across gateway.
18. Packed fence, 4 ft., with brook on ing side, 11 ft.
19. Gorse fence, 4 ft. 6 ins., with ditch landing side.
20. Natural fence, 4 ft. 10 ins.
21. Open ditch, with fence and guard
22. Gorse fence, 4 ft. 10 ins.
23. Gorse fence, 4 ft. 10 ins.
24. Gorse fence, 4 ft. 8 ins.

Even the winner of the Grand National has no security as to passing his remaining [years] in luxurious comfort, such as is enjoyed by the victor in a flat race. The winner [generally] has high value at the stud, but [rarely] a chaser, possessing gift rather than [speed], no particular value for breeding purposes, often ends his days in the shafts of a [costermonger's] cart or the hansom.

CHARLES [illegible]

Exchange Guests



SOME IDEAS FOR BOTH TOWN AND COUNTRY READERS.

Although I am an unfortunate dweller in town, country life has a strong attraction for me. I like not only the fresh air and the scenery, but also the greater opportunities for exercise.

I must confess there is also the additional attraction of meeting an entirely different kind of people.

Being a town dweller myself, I wish to cast any reflection on town folk, find in the countryman—and in the country too—a freshness of outlook—a simplicity, u like—which is most refreshing. circumstances allowed it, I should like to in the country all my days, but business ck me to where I am. I manage, ver, to enjoy a good deal of country life n times, especially during week-ends. ing to a hydro for a week-end costs you at least half-a-guinea besides your train fare, dro life does not appeal very strongly to e there you meet the same people as you counter in the city. I like to be the anger in the place, and to enter into its full centralised life and not an artificial changing one such as you find in the

BEST PLACE.

ideal place of residence is a farm house, here I can put up for the week-end for very

n I saw that nothing but week-ends in country would satisfy me, and when I sed also that I could afford to pay very little I entered the services of a grain mer- with some farmer who would be will- to take me for a moderate future. He was enough to get me several names and ad- s, and on writing I found that there were of the farmers whose terms were most onable.

e man wanted a guinea for the week-end, me in addition to my board and lodg- to ride, a gun to shoot with, and rabbits to shoot at. Much as I have liked to avail myself of this oppor- ing once in a while a country circumstances made me pass it over. offered to take me from Monday morning for as different times I have visited

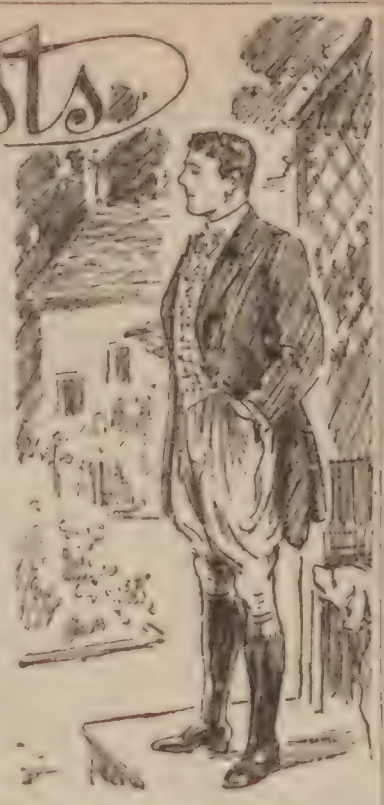
NDS AT ONCE.

two of the farmers were young my own age, and a friendship rapidly between us in each case. first visit they told me that they me as a boarder, but most to return at the earliest

many times, and I do it un- The farmer is not wanting a few I doubt very much if they even the expense entailed by his guest want to see a new face, to be told y story and to listen to the gossip He gets his value and I get

the two days I speak of are as fond of the I am although they live in it, but they like come in occasionally to my privilege and pleasure to put them up and take them about. They bring with them a freshness that is almost as good as a trip to the country itself.

I was lucky in getting in touch with them through the grain merchant. I have often blessed the day when I hit upon the idea of approaching him.



It is not everyone who knows a go-between who can do the job for them, and hitherto it has been a difficult matter for the town dweller to get into touch with the countryman, much as he would like to do it.

OPPORTUNITIES.

The trouble, however, has now been completely and finally overcome. My friend, the Editor of THE MODERN MAN, informs me that he has made arrangements by which his country readers and his town readers may be brought together.

There are obvious advantages in such a scheme being run by a paper like THE MODERN MAN. Although the town fellow wants country life for his week-ends, he does not desire to be saddled with the tedious conversation of a frowsy old farmer whose thoughts do not rise above his mangels and his pigs, who is wholly behind the times, and who is not much of a sportsman.

There can be little doubt that the readers of this paper are sportsmen every one, and the town man who states his requirements may therefore rest assured that none but the sportsman will reply to him.

SPORTSMEN BOTH.

So also, the farmer will know that his intended guest, though a town man, is not a milksop, but a sportsman at heart ready to join in the recreations of the country and to make himself generally agreeable.

I should set this scheme down as one of the most useful that has ever been devised. I only wish it had been running years ago when I was a solitary chap in digs, longing for a chance of getting to the country without having to pay too much for the privilege. F. N. DAVIDSON.

[*Full particulars of the scheme to which my contributor refers will be found on page three of this week's cover.*—ED.]

CELEBRITIES' LETTER-BAGS.

"Would you kindly quote my beautiful poem on Spring in your next speech?" wrote a versifier once to Lord Rosebery, but the poem, sad to say, still remains unknown.

"Having heard you are a strong man," wrote a farmer to Mr. Sandow once, "I am willing to give you a job as second cattleman." But the offer was not accepted.

Dr. Macnamara sang not very long ago at a charity concert. Next day he received this kind message from a music-hall and concert agent: "Dear sir, Having heard you sing at the concert last night I am willing to put your name on my books for the coming concert season. My terms are two guineas payable in advance." Obviously he did not know the doctor.

Paderewski is extremely modest, but if he ever feels the slightest symptoms of swelled-head, he takes from his desk this message and reads it: "Mr. Paderewski, Sir, Having seen you at a concert recently, I will engage you to appear at my circus with a performing bear at £3 a week."

MACKEREL FISHING.

A SPORT NOW IN SEASON.

March is the month for mad hares and mackerel, the fish being then at its best.

At the same time, you can catch mackerel pretty well all the year round, and almost anywhere round the coast, sheltered bays being their favourite resorts.

You can fish for mackerel with a rod from rocks or piers, but perhaps the most popular form of the sport is "trailing" or "plummeting" from a sailing boat.

There is the charm of dancing over the waves—the boat should be kept going about five miles an hour—while, should you have a fair companion, she will thoroughly enjoy throwing a line herself, because there is no horrid live-baiting to be done.

The tackle is simple. An ordinary hand line can be used, and need not be longer than 10 fathoms.

You can, of course, buy your plummeting gear ready-made, but should you prefer to rig it yourself here are the directions:

Make a large loop at the end of the line, with which to attach the lead. The lead should be conical in shape, so that it will stand firm on deck when hauled in, and about 2 lbs. in weight. The next thing is to attach the boom, which you do before tying on the lead. An old tooth brush makes a capital boom. Cut off the brush part, rounding the bone or ivory with a file, and bore a hole at each end, one rather larger than the other to take the line.

Pass the line through the boom, and tie a small knot just above the loop to keep the boom from slipping down. Then tie on the lead, and to the outer end of the boom attach two fathoms of fine white cotton or hemp snooding (to be procured at any fishing tackle makers). A single gut collar, a yard in length, with a small swivel between it and the snooding completes your gear.

The best bait for mackerel is mackerel, unkind though it may seem to use such a lure.

Take a freshly caught mackerel, and with a sharp knife make a diagonal incision about 2½ inches from the fork, and cutting towards the tail remove this part, but be careful not to cut deeper than the red flesh. This strip of gleaming skin is your bait, and is called by sea-fishermen a "sneed," lask, flat, or fion.

You can put it on a single hook, using the usual spinner, or sometimes a triangle is used.

Failing mackerel, a piece of white kid glove, or gull's feather, almost anything white will do for bait, or you can use a baby spinner with two or three white flies attached at intervals of about eighteen inches.

Your line ready, pay out the snooding, and then lower the lead until you have about five fathoms of line out.

Cruise about until you discover a "scull" of mackerel, as it is called, then go about, return over the same ground, and in all probability you will find both hands more than full.

Two lines, one on each side of the boat, will probably keep the amateur quite busy enough, though the "pros." use as many as four, the extra lines being attached to outriggers, that is, long poles or spare oars projecting from each quarter of the boat, a separate cord being attached to each of these lines, so that it can be hauled in when necessary.

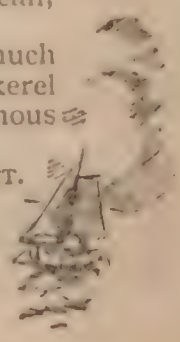
Don't haul in immediately there is a bite, but wait until there is a heavy pull, as you may often get two or three fish on one line, when you are using several hooks or flies.

Early morning or evening is the best time for mackerel fishing, but they are to be caught at all hours of the day.

Take a basket with you, for mackerel make a terrible mess in the boat, if allowed to lie about, and you want to keep things clean, especially if there is a girl with you.

Finally, eat your catch, or at least as much of it as you want, as soon as possible. Mackerel is a fine table fish, but it is apt to be poisonous unless cooked and eaten absolutely fresh.

ARTHUR PARRETT.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE PROPHETIC PARROT

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

It cannot be denied that in the persons of Messrs. Joseph Smith and William Hopkins, Shoreditch owned a pair of resourceful men. They were partners in everything except parents. In the winter they plied a roaring trade in greengrocery, and had risen from the impudence of a hand cart to the dignity of a shop in a big street.

In the summer they left their wives to quarrel with one ananother in the shop, while they followed the race meetings as itinerant vendors of "ripe Williams"—a profitable business, seeing that it is considered perfectly legal to charge racing men double for everything.

The flat-racing season was well on when the Prophetic Parrot came to Shoreditch, and its fame spread abroad even to the boundaries of the City.

Joe Smith, who did the outside business for the firm of Hopkins and Smith, discovered the parrot when he dropped into a strange house for a pint. For the first time in his life he entered a bar where some number of British working men were seated in absolute silence. But whatever the lips of the company left unsaid, their faces plainly expressed a distaste for the society of Mr. Smith.

With the air of a man who can pay for a bottle of the best, if he wants it, the spick and span Joseph strode up to the bar to order a pint. The little red-whiskered barman put his fingers to his lips.

It was then that Mr. Smith perceived that the attention of a room full of supposedly sane men was fixed on a poor specimen of the common Barbary Parrot occupying a cage on the counter.

A wizened-faced, greasy-haired Italian from Soho held up a thin brown hand innocent of the manicurist's attentions.

"Polla," he said gravely, "what will ween the big race to-day?"

The Parrot took a comprehensive survey of the room with its one serviceable eye, and remarked that Polly wanted a drink.

The Italian poked his finger in the cage, and repeated the question several times.

"Blue Sand!" the bird replied, playfully making a peck at the offending finger.

Immediately there was a rustling of papers, the bar broke out into an argumentative chatter, under cover of which Mr. Smith obtained his beer and asked for explanations.

The parrot, it appeared, was something quite novel in the tipping line, and had for days given so many successful "stable finals," that two street bookmakers had transferred their operations and themselves elsewhere. The barman seemed to look on the performance as something supernatural.

The Italian went round the bar, and received much wealth in a soft felt hat. The business was flourishing.

He approached Mr. Smith, and shook the coins suggestively. Mr. Smith observed loftily that he never backed horses, except those wired him from the course by his friend, Mr. "Danny" Maher, and rarely followed public-house tips. The Italian gave vent to a few native objurgations.

Mr. Smith went out and invested a half-crown on Blue Sand.

* * * * * * *

The murky shades of evening were deepening on Shoreditch, when Mr. Smith, dolefully ruminating on the failure of Blue Sand to finish in the first three, passed the public house.

The great doors swung open suddenly, and Mr. Smith received a sudden shock in the region of his waistcoat. A big wire cage fell at his feet, followed immediately by the sprawling figure of a man, who had seemingly failed in an attempt to fly.

"Hullo, Antonio!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, picking up the little Italian, "where are you off to in such a hurry?"

"Oh, it ees bad!" observed Antonio, rubbing the affected parts. "To-day Blue Sand loses—and, in there, they do not like me—oh, no! But Polla, she has been what you call the 'good thing' to me. I have money—I go home to the Campagna Romana. She is clevare that bird. She learn a word in fifteen, twenty minute!"

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, "I'll give you a dollar for her."

Here was something that would go down better at the forthcoming Epsom Derby Meeting, than all the "ripe Williams" that ever grew!

"My friend," said the Italian politely, "you are a gentleman. She is yours for a glass of vermout'—but not in there!"

* * * * * * *

When Mr. Smith exhibited the bird to his partner, Mr. William Hopkins, the gentleman at first refused to buy a half share, for two shillings and sixpence—curiously enough the exact sum that Joseph had lost over Blue Sand.

Mr. Smith was at some pains to dilate on the advantage of such a "show" at Epsom, over the vending of "ripe Williams" at "fourpence a time." Mr. Hopkins, most conservative of men, finally agreed to stand in on the deal, subject to the condition that the bird should plainly say "Slieve Gallion," the name of the favourite for that year's Derby.

Mr. Hopkins had a fair idea of the taste of the British public, which must always be told exactly what it wants to hear.

* * * * * * *

"'Late, as usual," remarked Mr. Hopkins, who had waited an anxious hour for his partner outside the Grand Stand at Epsom on the morning of Derby Day.

"I've done it though," said Joseph, exhibiting the brown paper covered cage with one small hole at the top through which the bird was supposed to derive the air necessary to life. "One hour's work and says Slieve Gallion as delicate as you an' me."

Mr. Hopkins was sweating profusely beneath the burden of the "show" in tabloid form. For the space of two hours, behold the partners with perspiring brows and an ever-increasing flow of bad language, fixing up this structure. A sign board with "The Prophetic Parrot" inscribed thereon testified to the bright business instincts of William.

Their work done, they bribed a small, innocent looking boy to act as sentry, and to keep up the good spirits of the bird by supplying it at intervals with sugar, while they went off to assuage a blotting-paper-like thirst.

It was not until after the second race, however, that they returned to find the boy, still on faithful watch, demanding excessive overtime, which he did not get. An expert in such matters might have noticed in the eye of Mr. Hopkins, the gleam of semi-intoxication.

Mr. Smith, being the acknowledged possessor of the Gift of the Gab, did the shouting.

"'Ere, roll up, gentlemen! Come an' see the Prophetic Parrot. This is the famous bird what gave you the winner of the Lincolnshire 'Andicap—the same as tipped Velocity for the City an' Suburban on this very spot. Only a tanner an' 'e'll tip you the winner of the Derby! The wonder of H-epsom. Winner of the Derby, I say!" He continued in the manner of all showmen of all time.

Epsom on Derby day is a fair. The [illegible] was quickly packed to overflowing. [illegible] cage, elevated on a table, was the marvellous bird. Occasionally he would wink his one eye in a manner what expressed great knowledge, or would bite a claw apparently in deep thought.

William Hopkins authoritatively called for "Silence!" The partners stood, one on each side of the cage, looking extremely serious. A dead hush fell on the assembly. Mr. Smith made a few mysterious passes over the cage. Then came the fatal question:

"Now, Poll, what's goin' to win the Derby?" His words rang out clearly. No less distinct was the reply of the Prophetic Parrot.

"Orby!"

"Wot!" shrieked Mr. Hopkins. "You [illegible] blindin' blunkety idiot. An' after all we taught yer. You're drunk, that's what you are!"

It happened all in a moment. [illegible] wielded with deadly aim by Mr. Hopkins descended on the cage, reducing it to a [illegible] of smashed and bent wires.

"You fool!" gasped Joseph amazed.

"Fool yourself!" his partner replied.

"If you want to fight, buck up about it!" advised an agitator in the crowd.

The usual invitations to "come on" followed from both sides. They were in the centre of the crowd. Suddenly there came a shout, "They're paradin'!" and the partners found themselves flung in two different streams of human beings, pressing towards the rails.

Less than ten minutes later "Boss" Croker's Orby had cantered away with the Derby [illegible] year, and at precisely the same moment, [illegible] far apart, the partners remarked, "Well—I damned!"

In Shoreditch that evening, in a public-house that both frequented, the usual reconciliations followed. Over a foaming tankard of [illegible] Smith remarked to Mr. Hopkins, very mournfully:

"You've gone and killed the goose wot would 'ave laid the golden eggs."

"It can't be 'elped, Joe," said Mr. Hopkins, almost reduced to tears, "but that parrot was the winner of the Derby—an', after this I shall believe in the soopernatural, boy—that I shall!"

They drank in saddened silence. But to his bosom friend, a butcher boy, a certain innocent looking youth related the story of a marvellous parrot which he had taught to say "Orby" in exactly thirty-five minutes.

* * * * * * *

On the Downs at Epsom beneath a starry sky, with one claw stuck up pathetically in the air, lay the squashed form of the Prophetic Parrot—very much dead.

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

"I can never be happy in this job," says one to you. "And I don't like this town either. I'm going to try for something in some other place." And he does.

Perhaps you hear from him a year hence, and he is either contemplating a return to his original town, or he is making arrangements for trying yet a third place. He is still unhappy.

If his case were an isolated one we might leave him alone to work out his own destiny in his own way, but his complaint is too widespread for silence.

He is suffering from discontent, a direct result of an education that has shown him the disadvantages of his own position without enabling him to better it.

What he really has had is a taste of learning, enough to spoil his happiness and not enough to bring it back to him again. He needs [illegible] peace, and he will not find it by changing his job or his place of residence.

He must set himself to alter his outlook on life. He must resolutely determine to be contented.

Froude hit the truth when he said: "Men think to mend their condition by a change of circumstances. They might as well hope to escape from their shadows."

WHINES FROM THE WOOD.

[I do not intend making cartoons a regular feature of THE MODERN MAN, *but I have been fortunate enough to secure a series of seven remarkable ones by Stanley L. Wood, the famous illustrator of "Captain Kettle" and other stories. My policy is whenever I come across a good thing to give it to my readers; therefore I present the first of the series for your inspection.*

*Mr. Wood absolutely refuses to fill in the features of these personages, or to indicate their identity in his accompanying article.—*ED.]

MY FIRST VICTIM.

I must confess to having been bitterly disappointed at our first meeting, for the Man was unarmed and wore a white collar.

I had pictured him—but, stay—later on I saw him, bounded on the north, south, east, and west by many straps supporting things that go off with a bang, and wearing, in company with big rowelled spurs, a big and stern expression.

This later vision of him has, of course, somewhat compensated for the first disappointment; but it took me a very long time to recover from the shock of not seeing at least one gory scalp hanging from his belt.

We spoke of my illustrating a book of his, but he sighed and ran a pitying eye over my anatomy.

"I don't suppose," said he, "you'd know a cowboy if you saw one!"

I bridled, for cow-punchers are as dear to me as family honour and new bootlaces—but I was sulkily silent.

"Have you," continued the Man, "heaps of pictures on hand?"

"No, thank the Lord!" I cried. "My line is to dispose of pictures as soon as I can—not to hoard 'em up."

"Then," said he, "you think you know a cowboy! Why, you'll be all wrong!"

He crossed to a piece of furniture like a wooden hotel, drew out drawers, and slung an armful of envelopes as big as paving slabs on the table and at me.

"Here!" said he. "Photo of cowboy sneezing. Here, again, snapshot of cowboy's left ear. Here, again, snapshot of cowboy's expression when nearing a saloon. Here, again——"

"Stop!" I cried. But he hardly noticed me, and went on dealing out photographs and newspaper cuttings all over the table, like a new game of Patience, and murmuring their titles to himself.

Then he sighed, and, gazing dreamily at the ceiling, remarked: "Don't you think for a moment you know what a cowboy is like unless you possess plenty of documentary evidence to go on. I should much like to know *definitely* once and for all"—he frowned meditatingly—"whether in bucking a broncho keeps his ears back or forwards for the longest time. Of course, there's no use in asking you!"

"No," said I, for in the course of an uneventful and sheltered life the only occasions when I have found myself with a leg hanging on each side of a broncho horse my spare time has been taken up with wildly scanning the prairie for a soft place to fall on, and in also trying to locate just where my hat had gone.

"Would you care to ride from the North Pole to Patagonia?" dreamily inquired the Man.

"By easy stages?" I asked. "And by motor?"

Now, if it really were possible for a human being to elevate to any extent the frontal bone and cartilage of the nasal organ, then the Man can be said fairly to have furled, rolled, and turned his nose up in disgust.

"Effete tourist!" he hissed.

So I toured—Westwards. Not his West, his own especial West, but towards Piccadilly. Past shops where they sell deadly weapons to be carried in polished leather cases, that somehow, whenever I see them, always take my mind back to the Man.

Is it because in drawings in the one and only book I illustrated for him every figure wore a "gun," or is it because, now that he won't write any more thrilling tales, he prefers at times to don these fearsome articles?

I know not.

But to me, little me, it seems a pity that, while willing to take over some of the jobs of our standing Army, he can't at the same time find a few spare half-hours to write some more stories.

But, then, this is only the opinion of little me!

STANLEY L. WOOD.

Anyone guessing who is represented by this cartoon, may, on communicating with Mr. Roger Pocock, be awarded as a prize the Cough-Drop which we presented to him last week; or he may—horrible thought!—be offered admission to the Legion of Frontiersmen.

There is also the possibility that the man who guesses correctly may be challenged by the person depicted to fight a duel, but there is no danger of his getting hurt, provided he accepts the challenge, as we did.

THE VANMAN.

A SKETCH.

He is a vanman in the fullest meaning of the word, for he has not long been a vanman.

Hence he is full of his job and of its dignity; he is like the young cavalry soldier who has but recently become a servant of His Majesty and who goes clanking and clashing down the street, conscious of his uniform, and of his jingling spurs particularly.

Our vanman's clothes are modest. They do not amount to a uniform, but they are exactly the clothes affected by other men of his calling. He is a vanman and wants to appear just that.

To some extent he has the gifts of a clerk. He has to remember the addresses of the houses at which parcels are to be delivered; he has to take money for some of them; and he has to keep a primitive system of accounts.

But these clerical cares sit lightly upon him. They are necessary but secondary considerations. His chief work is as a horseman, and a thorough horseman he is.

He remembers the day when he left school and started work as a van guard, his love of horseflesh being the reason for his selection. You may have seen him then creeping along the horse's back, and polishing the buckles and bosses when his driver was carrying something to a house and the van was stationary for a few moments.

His care of the harness was his contribution to the general smartness of the turnout, and in the doing of it he got to know the horse well and to lose all fear of him.

Later he was changed to other vans and had to deal with other horses, and so he became fearless of horses in general.

Now he is a driver, and the job is not one that you can easily lose pride in.

He takes a corner with accuracy and speed, always with a margin of safety, but not with a clumsily big one, for he is an expert at his work, and his horse knows his hand exactly, and he can steer his van with as much precision as a cyclist would his machine.

His horse and he know one another thoroughly.

The horse is a young one and a little playful at times, but the vanman does not mind. He too is young and strong, and if the horse becomes unruly he rather enjoys the combat. He has spirit, and he likes to see it in his horse also.

He will have speed as well. He is not by any means a merciless driver, and at the end of a heavy day there could be none more considerate of his beast; but he himself works hard and he will have his horse do likewise. If it does not, and sometimes a lazy one comes under his charge, then there is trouble, but always the vanman wins, for, as I have said, he knows most things about horses and can make his will theirs.

He is perfectly happy, for his work is pleasant and healthful and his cares are few. Therefore on his face there is that confidence combined with strength and good spirits that make men, women, children and even animals like a man.

Sometimes his face clouds up. That is when there is trouble at the office, and this occurs now and again.

Then the vanman is questioned by the foreman or by the manager, and he racks his brains to think whether he ever saw the parcel which is lost and which is the subject of inquiry. Generally it turns out that he did not see it, for he is not liable to make errors; he takes too keen an interest in his work for that.

Always he emerges from these questionings with flying colours, for he is honest as the day.

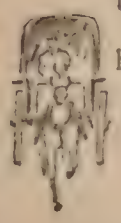
To the servants and the old ladies who take his parcels at the door, he is a ray of sunshine.

They always welcome him.

He does not smile to them, except sometimes, and then with an apparent sly reluctance, but he is obviously all of a man, and therefore they welcome his coming, apart altogether from the things he has brought.

And as for his own feelings, he is happy, for he is absolutely content.

R. PATON.



MY NOTEBOOK.

STANLEY L. WOOD.

Close beside where I live is a fine old house which was once the residence of Guy Boothby. He was never a great writer, but his stories always had a fascination for me, and I like to think that from my bedroom window I can see the trees which he lovingly pictures in one of his books.

I think there can be little doubt that Boothby owed a considerable part of his success to the admirable illustrations which Stanley L. Wood made for his earlier stories. Together they brought success to the magazine whose editor was far-seeing enough to exploit them.

The chief feature of Mr. Wood's illustrations was the athletic build which he gave to his men characters. Previously the hero of a story was supposed to have a dreamy look and a woolly moustache—he was, in short, a girly sort of man. Mr. Wood made his heroes manly men; that, and good drawing, made him.

When I conceived the idea of producing this paper, I decided that my first poster should be the work of Stanley L. Wood. I sought him out and together we devised the well-known picture, embodying the idea of physical energy, which was the means of selling my first number right out, and a small reproduction of which I print weekly beside the title.

As a youngster I worshipped Stanley L. Wood afar off; he was the creator of the marvellous pictures illustrating "Dr. Nikola," "Captain Kettle," "Thompson's Progress," and other stories which had taken my fancy; obviously he was a great artist, and I supposed that he would have the usual artistic failing—conceit.

He has not an atom of it. On the contrary, he has a very keen sense of humour, and the two things are diametrically opposed.

So far he has not published any humorous work, and I am happy to introduce him to my readers for the first time as a cartoonist.

THE GLAMOUR OF THE STAGE.

I am frequently asked by readers why I do not introduce a theatrical feature into this paper.

I do not do so because for me the stage has lost its glamour.

The success of THE MODERN MAN is in a large measure due to the fact that I do not put anything into it unless it is of strong personal interest to myself. This personal restriction has its drawbacks; I know that there are many things which might interest my readers though they do not interest me; by keeping these things out I doubtless make the paper less entertaining to some than it otherwise would be.

On the other hand, by having the paper just as I myself like it, I think I make it more human. In liking THE MODERN MAN, just as it is, you are liking me. In reading the paper you are meeting me and having a chat with me. If you met me personally you would find me just as interesting—or as dull—as you find the paper.

That is why I bar a theatrical feature. I have no objection to an occasional theatrical story or article, but I won't deal with the stage every week, because, as I have said, the stage has lost its glamour so far as I am concerned.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

It was not always thus. I can well remember the time—and it is not many years ago—when the theatre was a sort of heaven to me.

In these days I could not afford to take a seat more than once or twice a week. That did not satisfy me, and I took measures for getting what I wanted.

I was only a youngster then, but I could write well enough to supply the usual sort of theatrical notes for a certain London paper which devotes itself exclusively to stage matters. I wrote to the editor of it, sent him some specimens of the work I had done, and asked if I might be his local correspondent.

I took the precaution of quoting a ridiculously low price, and, probably because of that, my offer was accepted, and I became the duly accredited representative of the journal referred to in the provincial city in which I then lived.

The main thing, so far as I was concerned, was that I was now provided with an official pass which not only admitted me to the theatre as often as I cared to go, but also gave me the privilege of going behind the scenes whenever I wanted to do so.

AN ACTRESS AND MYSELF.

It was on one of these visits behind the scenes that I made the acquaintance of a certain actress with whom I promptly lost my heart. You see, I remember that I was little more than a boy at the time.

She was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen, and to be with her was joy unmitigated. The company of which she was a member was in our town for only a week, but during that week we spent many hours together.

She was the star girl of her company, and I believe, now that I look back upon it, that some of the satisfaction I derived must have been due to the fact that all the young chaps I knew were horribly jealous of me whenever they met her and me together. I used to walk her down the principal street and take her to a certain tea-room where my friends would be sure to see us. That was sheer vanity on my part, but, all the same, I was very fond of the girl. Again I ask you to recall the fact that I was only a boy.

Well, things went on in this way till the end before she left. It seemed a terrible thing to part with her, and I seriously thought of throwing all my ambitions to the winds and craving the manager of the company for some job that would enable me to go with it and to be with the girl I speak of.

I told her I meant to do this, and I confided in her something of what I had intended to do in the world, in order, I suppose, to impress her with the sacrifice I was making.

Then I learned what a good woman can say for a man.

She was older than myself, and she spoke very plainly and to the point. She told me the sort of fool I was, and she ended the conversation by saying she would never speak to me again.

I need scarcely say that I got over it. I was pretty sick to lose her for a while, but it was only calf love, and I soon began to see that I was exactly what she had called me.

Still that girl played some part in my life. She kept me on the right track when I wanted to play the fool, and I haven't forgotten it.

Now she is one of the stars of the London musical comedy stage, and I reflect with some pleasure that I have as a journalist been able by judicious puffing to assist her to this position. Not that I want her thanks. I don't think she doesn't even know I am in London. I am simply grateful to her for throwing me over.

WHY I STOP AWAY.

During the time of my stage infatuation I saw things behind the scenes which robbed the theatrical profession of its splendour; I saw something of the poverty, the jealousy, the general discontent that was rife amongst the players; but it was not these things that made me cease to like the theatre.

My reason for seldom visiting the theatre now is that I find it dull. The glamour was a passing phase of youth, and I do not think that there is much apart from glamour to recommend the average play at the present time.

I like to spend my evenings taking violent exercise in the open air. If I sacrifice that and spend the evening in town I expect to be thoroughly amused, and I am sorry to say that very, very few performers can amuse me.

I have no prejudice against the theatre, but I nearly always find it dull; sitting in it is therefore, so far as I am concerned, usually a waste of time, and I can never forgive the person who wastes my time, for I am fond of life and every moment is precious.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Biggs's Adventure

A MILITARY EPISODE

By "CHINSTRAP."

These things happened at Halifax, Nova Scotia, which in the days when British troops were stationed there was known as "the subalterns' Paradise," and not without reason.

To begin with, and to give just precedence to the ladies, the Halifax maidens (and matrons) were charming — the best of "sportsmen" and the stanchest of pals.

Moreover, the social system at Halifax was [illegible], and, I fancy, unique among [illegible]. You found your "affinity," and [illegible], skated, sleighed, tobogged, and flirted for just so long as your two selves, and nobody else, cared.

There was no asking your "intentions," no scandal, as there would have been in [illegible] towns, certainly in an English [illegible].

There was any amount of good sport to be had, and cheaply. Moose hunting, salmon fishing, wild shooting almost at your door in the summer, [illegible]ing and sea fishing in the harbour, and [illegible]ting, sleighing, tobogganing, [illegible], and so on in the winter.

When you went on leave, you could [illegible] a line to note, or you could go up to [illegible], especially in the winter, have [illegible] good times.

I could yarn for hours about the delights of Halifax—in Nova Scotia, be it well understood—but I must come to my story.

The Lancashire Fusiliers were a "happy" [illegible]. In these days life in the Army was more enjoyable than, from all I see and hear, it is now.

The British officer was not the butt of every [illegible] in Pied Street, and you [illegible] not only as an officer, but as a [illegible] expected to count [illegible] of the regiment, or to act as a grocer's assistant and [illegible].

On the other hand, you were expected to do [illegible] that matter; to gain the confidence [illegible] of your men by sharing their [illegible] and pursuits, to put the good of the regiment before yourself, to fear God, honour the Queen, and shun the devil.

Anyhow we lived, and now let me introduce Mr. Algernon Biggs, lieutenant in the Lancashire Fusiliers, an unmitigated old ass. Biggs was a large man, but like some big men he had a soft spot. In fact, he was all soft. With his weight he should have been a useful Rugby forward in the regiment at a time when "scrums" lasted about twenty minutes, but he looked "devil." At cricket, [illegible] he was a butt. He went out shooting with the [illegible] fairly riddled the old gentleman.

In short, though far from a bad chap, he was a bit of a muff. The softest part of him, however, was his heart, I do not mean that he was a funk. Oh, no, when roused, say, with a box of dynamite under his chair—our usual method—he would show fight, but he was always falling in love.

[illegible] form with him for, when [illegible], he invariably swore off beer, [illegible] studying for the Staff College, for which he had about as much chance of passing as he had of being straightway made Commander-in-Chief.

His affections were fickle, and in the intervals he made up lost time on the beer, and read up the back files of the "Pink 'Un."

Having told you what the Halifax maidens are like, you will understand that when we settled down there, Biggs lived in a perpetual state of oscillation between beer and the water-bottle.

At last, however, it seemed that Biggs really meant business. Off Halifax harbour there runs a long inlet, known as the Arm, on either side of which are the residences of many of the Halifax gentry.

It was with the charming daughter of a gentleman living on the Arm that Biggs on this occasion, as it seemed, finally and irretrievably fell in love, a fact which considerably annoyed Mr. Edward Delahay, who also greatly admired the lady.

As for her, she seemed divided in her own mind, favouring first one suitor then the other. Biggs was rich, Delahay was poor.

About this time there was a series of burglaries on the Arm, and one morning Biggs received a dirty, ill-written missive to this effect: The writer said he was a burglar, but had repented of his evil ways, and knowing that Mr. Biggs took an interest in Miss Carmichael—such was the lady's name, the Nova Scotians being mainly of Scottish descent—he felt it his duty to tell Mr. Biggs that his quondam mates intended to burgle Mr. Carmichael's house. He went on to give particulars; the attempt was to be made about midnight on a certain date, and the burglars would approach the house by boat from the Arm.

The reformed burglar concluded by hoping that Mr. Biggs would consider the information worth something—a reply might be addressed to Mr. Alfred Jones, at the Poste Restante.

Biggs was delighted. He was a romantic old ass, and this was the sort of opportunity he had often longed for.

He saw beauty in distress, and a Biggs to the rescue. It might even be worth the Royal Humane Society's Medal, though he felt a little doubtful on this point.

Usually garrulous, he held his tongue on this occasion, and took none into his confidence.

He sent the remorseful Mr. Alfred Jones a twenty dollar bill, and practised dumb-bell exercises in the seclusion of his quarters, eagerly awaiting the fateful night.

In his mind's eye he saw the ruffians approaching the house of his adored. He saw himself hurl himself upon them. He heard the shouts, the confusion, the alarm. He saw himself, battered but triumphant, tenderly carried into Mr. Carmichael's house. He saw beauty in charming déshabille tenderly bathing his brows with eau-de-Cologne.

He heard the eulogies of his gallant conduct; he heard himself declare his manly passion, Mr. Carmichael having tactfully withdrawn, presently to return to "bless his children." He saw the hated Delahay effectually disposed of. He saw columns in the newspapers, orange blossoms, heard "the Voice that breathed o'er Eden," and all the rest of it. That, and a good deal more, was how Biggs had got things fixed in his own mind.

11 p.m. of the appointed night found Mr. Biggs shivering by the water's brink beneath his adored one's residence.

The night was very cold, also pitch dark, and as he crouched behind some bushes his position was one of discomfort, which increased as ten, twenty, thirty, forty minutes sped by.

Biggs began to have a horrid suspicion that Mr. Alfred Jones might have been fooling him, when his straining ears caught a far-off sound of someone rowing.

Nearer and nearer it came, and then a boat shot up out of the gloom, and three figures sprang ashore.

Biggs had not reckoned on more than two foes, but to do him justice he rose to the occasion.

Grasping the improvised bludgeon he had brought with him, and uttering the famous war-whoop of the Biggses—"Another for Biggs"—he hurled himself upon the all unsuspecting burglars.

One he knocked down with his weapon, but the other two closed with him, and after a sharp, fierce struggle, he went down, and, striking his head on a stone, lay unconscious.

When he came to, he was lying on a sofa in Mr. Carmichael's dining-room. "Ah," he thought to himself, "this is all right, they heard the row and rescued me, now for a little hero-worship."

But there was no ministering angel bathing his brow with eau-de-Cologne, he heard no exclamations of mingled pity and admiration.

"The burglars?" he gasped, sitting up, and then falling back in a pretended swoon.

What, what was that? Delahay's voice! And what was he saying? "Extraordinary, sir, but to tell you the truth Biggs has been rather queer in his head lately. I believe he had sunstroke in India, though I was not in the regiment at the time."

"A mighty good thing you were with us, my boy. He is a powerful madman, and but for you I believe he would have done for old Jenkins and me. I shan't forget it, my boy."

Biggs recognised Mr. Carmichael's voice.

"Oh, that's all right, sir," it was Delahay speaking again, "only too glad to have been of any service. I don't think he's really dangerous, and I'll get him home, and old Squills can have a look at him in the morning."

Biggs sat up in earnest this time. The scene was not as he had pictured it. His prospective father-in-law sat nursing a large bump on the side of his grey head and regarding him with marked disfavour. Near by stood Jenkins, Mr. Carmichael's coachman, armed with an axe and a coil of rope. Farther off were Miss Carmichael and Delahay, she clinging to his arm, and regarding Biggs with mingled fear and amusement.

"The burglars?" said Biggs again.

Delahay grinned.

"Look here," said Mr. Carmichael, who was a choleric old gentleman, "are you mad or drunk or both? What the blazes do you mean by prowling round my house at this hour of night and then trying to murder me?"

Biggs explained, but as Delahay from time to time significantly tapped his forehead, the "hero's" story did not seem to be believed.

At length, still spluttering explanations, Biggs suffered himself to be led away by Delahay, who roused him to an almost murderous pitch of fury by pretending all the way home to think that he was mad, for suspicion was beginning to dawn in Biggs's slow brain.

That suspicion was intensified when a day or two later he received an envelope containing a twenty dollar bill, and when the same evening Mr. Delahay stood champagne to the mess, in honour, as he announced, of his engagement to Miss Helen Carmichael.

But Biggs never got at the truth of the matter, which was quite simple. Delahay happened to know that Mr Carmichael was going to dine with some friends on the other side of the Arm on a certain evening, and that in order to save the horses being out at night he would, according to his custom, be rowed back by his coachman, instead of driving round the Inlet.

Delahay easily contrived to intercept Mr. Carmichael as he was embarking for home, and begged a passage, which of course was readily granted—and there you are.

An ingenious plot, which might well have failed, but which, as it happened, came off.

The story of Biggs's extraordinary behaviour leaked out, and people took to regarding him with such questioning looks that he went home on long leave, where he fell in love with a captivating but impecunious widow, who married him before he quite knew where he was.

BUSINESS · IS BUSINESS ·

A WEEKLY FEATURE
Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

BUSINESS BORES.

The heads of every firm whose name and business have become widely known, are pestered many times in the course of a single day by people whose mission in life is to waste the time of busy men.

A merchant friend of mine has a simple way of cutting short these tedious interviews. He cannot afford to refuse a stranger an interview, for one never knows where business may be coming from, neither does he consider it good policy to offend anyone, so he protects himself with the aid of his confidential clerk.

That gentleman occupies the outer office, and has orders to knock at the door of his chief's room and walk in, as soon as an interview has lasted two minutes.

If the merchant does not wish his visitor to go he says to his clerk: "I'm busy just now, Smith," and the secretary withdraws. If, however, he wants to convey a gentle hint he says: "I'll be free in two minutes." Sometimes it is "Just one second." The visitor is very thick-skinned if he does not take that hint, and yet there can be no offence.

Another man has only a one room office, so that he cannot follow the above device. Yet the nature of his business subjects him to the visits of bores, and he deals with them in this way.

He is not on the telephone exchange, but he has fitted a dummy instrument on his desk, and underneath there is an electric bell push, which he can easily press without being observed. When the interview has lasted as long as he desires, there comes what appears to be a summons from the 'phone.

"Yes, yes, hullo!" he says as he picks up the receiver, cutting short the bore's best story, "very well. Twelve-and-six a hundredweight. I agree to that."

As soon as the bore starts again, the telephone rings once more. And even the patience of a bore gives out with this constant interruption and he departs. But again he does not know that he has been tricked, and there is no offence.

One of the largest newspaper proprietors in London follows an ingenious method. No one can see him without first stating his business to his secretary. When this official has gathered all the essential points he tells them briefly to his chief, and practice has shown him how to be brief. The visitor is then ushered in and the newspaper proprietor begins the conversation at once:

"Oh, yes, Mr. Brown. You've called in regard to that serial story. I haven't had time to read it yet, but you will get my decision by next Wednesday. Good morning!"

The said Mr. Brown has not had time even to open his mouth, far less to explain the purpose and plot of the story, an explanation which he calculated would not occupy more than ten minutes. But nine of these ten minutes the busy man has managed to save.

A solicitor once confessed to me that, while he is not worried by strangers calling on him, much of his valuable time would be wasted by his clients if he did not guard himself.

The average client has a certain amount of dread for a solicitor, but this vanishes when he enters the great man's private office, for the lawyer is a master in the art of putting people at their ease.

The reaction follows, and the client now feels inclined to have a little chat after his business is finished. This, however, the solicitor has no time for, so he slowly rises from his seat, talking all the while. If that is not a sufficient hint, he seizes the client's hand:

"I'm sorry you have to go so soon," he says, shaking it heartily. "Yes, I'm sure everything will be all right, so don't worry. Well, well, good-bye to you."

And with the utmost heartiness of manner, he has skilfully piloted his visitor outside the door, chatting all the time, so that the other will not have an opportunity of asking any question, or suggesting some new topic for prolonging the conversation.

The only reason for using so much diplomacy is, of course, the fact that you never know who is going to be useful to you in business, and it is therefore safest not to give offence even to bores.

RESOURCE IN TRADE.

An instance of resourcefulness came to my knowledge the other day, and I shall give it here, as it may suggest some similarly profitable scheme to my readers.

The owner of a laundry in the west of London had to encounter a serious difficulty, owing to the traditional habit of people sending their clothes to the laundry on Monday. He had endeavoured several times to induce some of his customers to let him have at least part of their washing in the middle of the week, but the reply was invariably the same, that underclothing was generally changed on Sundays, and that it would be inconvenient to have it lying about the house for several days.

For three days of the week the laundry went at full pressure, and for two-and-a-half days more the hands were practically idle. Then the owner hit upon a workable scheme to remedy matters. He sent out circulars to his customers offering a discount of 20 per cent. to all who would send in their washing in the middle of the week.

This scheme benefited his patrons, and a sufficient number took advantage of it to enable him to run his laundry at full pressure throughout the week.

WARRANTY.

There is a good deal of misapprehension in regard to the legal obligations of a seller to provide goods exactly the same as the sample he showed the buyer. Broadly speaking the seller is legally bound to supply the goods of the same quality as the sample.

It is worth while noting, however, that the goods must be in a merchantable condition as well as being the same as the sample, but this holds good only if the fault is such that it would not be apparent upon reasonable examination of the sample.

For instance, suppose you order a hundred yards of cloth exactly as the sample you were shown, and suppose you discover that the goods in bulk are moth eaten; the seller may legally insist upon your accepting these goods, provided he can prove that the sample shown you was equally moth eaten, for this is a fault which should have been apparent to you when you examined the sample. You have a just cause for complaint only when the fault is so concealed as not to be apparent after a reasonable examination.

If goods are sold by description, and not by sample, the seller is legally bound to have the quality of the goods corresponding to the description. In purchasing goods by description, therefore, note rather the points which are omitted than those upon which stress is laid. Defective goods may correspond to a highly favourable, but deceptively worded, description.

Another interesting point is this: if the seller makes his chief business dealing in a certain brand of goods, and if you mention to him the purpose for which you intend these goods, then there is an implied condition that the goods shall be suitable for that purpose.

This holds only in goods of a general kind. Those which are sold under a trade name have no such implied warranty. The inexperienced buyer is therefore safer on many occasions to deal in goods that have not a trade name of their own.

THE FALLACY OF KINDNESS.

Kindness should play no part in business, neither should unkindness. Business is warfare, and the softer sentiments must be left out of the count altogether.

Sometimes an employer will keep on, out of kindness, an assistant whom he knows to be incompetent. He is doing a very wrong thing. It is in his own interest to dismiss the employee, and it is in the employee's interest, too. He may be provided with a comfortable berth by a foolish or kind employer, but the time will come when the business will pass into other hands.

Then there will be a reorganisation of the staff, and then the incompetent employee will find himself in the street possibly too old to get another billet. The employer who discovers after fully testing a man that he is incompetent should dismiss him at once, for the employee can then turn to some other trade for which he is better fitted.

Half the bankruptcies are due to a misplaced kindness. Men back bills for others, and support them by buying certain goods which they do not absolutely require, and the time arrives when they themselves are in difficulties.

Kindness is not appreciated in business. It is in fact a two-edged sword.

WHEN PUSH FAILS.

In the poorer quarters of a town it is scarcely possible for a shopkeeper to be too pushful or enterprising. If he advertises in the local paper, in a striking manner, if he dresses his window in an eccentric manner calculated to arrest the eye, even if he himself is known to be a character, customers will flock to him all the faster.

One of the most successful sweet-shop keepers in a certain Scotch town is a man who is particularly believed to be not quite right in the head. He perpetually dances from one foot to another, and his shop window is always adorned with a huge cartoon representing his latest dream. He appears to dream the most extraordinary things. The gallows, the pistol, the motor car and the balloon generally appear to play important parts in his visions.

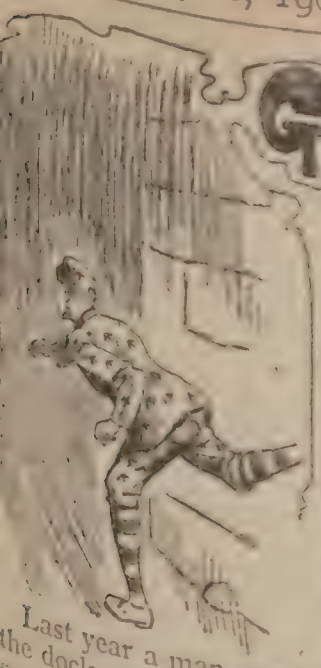
There are always some people about his window looking at these creations of his imagination, and his shop itself is never empty. It is my honest impression that his eccentricities are merely assumed for business purposes. And he is rapidly making a very respectable fortune.

I have cited an extreme case to illustrate my argument better. If that sweet-shop keeper opened a shop in the West-end of the same town he would be looked upon as low class.

The grocer who is doing a high-class family trade should weigh the matter well before he starts a policy of pushfulness. Eccentricity must not enter into the scheme either of his windows or advertisements.

The latter must be dignified and not of the most enterprising kind.

In a wealthy quarter of Birmingham there is a boot shop which has done a high-class trade for many years. It was recently acquired from its founder by a multiple shop company, most of the directors of which are Americans. They at once started a policy of pushfulness, advertising largely, and booming certain popular lines in their windows. I happen to know that their receipts are rather less than half those of the old-fashioned Englishman to whose exertions the business owed its existence.



SOME STORIES OF PRISONERS' ESCAPES

To escape from a convict prison is a matter of extreme difficulty, but it appears to be by no means difficult to break out of the hands of the local police, and it is with escapes of this latter type that I propose to deal in this article.

Last year a man named Callum was placed in the dock at Sunderland Police Court along with some other prisoners, charged with housebreaking. The presiding magistrate made some inquiries of the warders guarding the prisoners, and the questions were sufficiently puzzling and important to demand the custodians' full attention.

Perceiving that he was for a moment one of [illegible], Callum slipped from the door by the court by means of a little gate, which could be opened when prisoners were going to the witness box. He walked along the passage with deliberation, some of the spectators [illegible] that he was a plain clothes detective, [illegible] that he was a visitor who had failed to obtain a seat. He left the court by the main entrance, boarded a passing tramcar, and gave the slip completely.

IRON BARS NO CAGE.

Physical strength stood John Carey, a Londoner, in good stead. In December of the year last he was committed for trial at [illegible], charged with burglary. Being left for a moment in the exercise yard of the police station, he [illegible] two of the bars which protected a window that looked into the police [illegible] room.

Exerting all his gigantic strength, he bent the bars to either side, climbed through into the parade room, which was empty at the time, and rapidly made his way along the passage, and past the inquiry office to the street.

He was not of those men who are physically [illegible] by fear; so free was he from nervousness that he even closed the front door of the police station behind him. The click of the latch, however, directed the attention of a policeman in the inquiry office; he bolted out, saw Carey walking off, and captured him after a smart chase.

Another clever escape was made some little time ago from a cell in a London police station. The building was a very old-fashioned one, and this particular cell boasted a fireplace. One night a notorious [illegible] was placed in this room, and as he was a man of extremely slender build, the police did not watch him as closely as they might have done.

THE ADVANTAGE OF SLIMNESS.

In the early morning he tore the blanket of his bed in half, and with it scrambled up the chimney, rubbing the blanket on the inside of the chimney pot when he reached the top. Once on the roof escape was an easy matter, he dropped safely on the roof of a shed below, and reached the ground. Over his shoulder he carried the bed blankets in the same way as a sweep carries his bag of soot.

He met a detective whom he knew well and to whom he was known, but uttering the well known cry of "Sweep! Sweep!" he passed him unchallenged.

It is not often that prisoners in real life effect their escape through the assistance of a mob, but such a case recently occurred in Glasgow. Four men, Daniel Galligan, James Leitch, Robert Goodall, and James Wright—three of them charged with serious crimes, and the last just sentenced to two months' hard labour—were being removed from the Sheriff Court to the gaol in the Black Maria. A hostile crowd followed the van from the court.

When it turned into Ingram Street the van was held up by the traffic, and just as it stopped, the door was forced open from the inside, throwing the two policemen on the step into the street. The four men dashed out, mixed with the assembled hooligans, and escaped. One of the policemen who made a valiant attempt at pursuit was kicked and rendered unconscious by the mob.

THE NAIL IN THE LOCK.

While Robert McAlpine was being driven to a Glasgow police station some little time ago, he managed to pick up a small wire nail which lay on the floor of the Black Maria. When he reached the station he was placed in a cell, and shortly after a charwoman entered to wash the place out. When her back was turned, he slipped the nail into the lock so that it would not fasten when the door was shut. When the woman had left, a constable looked into the cell but, seeing that all was right, he closed the door and left the prisoner to his thoughts.

McAlpine waited till everything was quiet, and then, opening the door, went calmly downstairs and into the exercise yard. It was dark by this time, and he succeeded in scaling the wall in safety. It is generally believed that his friends smuggled him off to New York, but certainly he was never re-captured.

Automatic locks are excellent things, but they do not always work. Henry Heathfield recently escaped from Cardiff prison by simply turning the handle of a gate which was supposed to be self-locking. When he was safely away his absence was discovered, and a hue and cry was raised. Next day he happened to be standing at a street corner, and overheard two police inspectors discussing their plan of campaign. It is supposed that in this way he obtained certain information which enabled him to elude them altogether. He was never re-captured.

RESOURCE.

The failure of an automatic lock is supposed also to have been responsible for the escape of John Davis, an ex-convict who had been re-arrested and detained in Hanley gaol. It is thought that discovering that the lock of his cell door had failed to catch, he had pushed this door open. He was not, however, yet free, but found himself in another apartment, the door of which was securely fastened. He must have prised open the lock of this second door with some instrument, for the socket in which the bolt shot had been wrenched completely off.

Once out of this second compartment he had passed down a corridor to the exercise yard, scrambled up the wall of the town hall and entered it by a window. Through the town hall he passed into the police yard, and from there to the street under the very eyes of the police who were stationed in an office facing the yard.

E. G. Arthur.

HOW THE KING SAVES TIME.

There is no better business man than King Edward, and, with the assistance of Lord Knollys, his chief secretary, he has devised a system which saves an enormous amount of time.

Letters, for example, are answered very often by models, the King simply writing a number across the corner of the communication, and the secretaries sending off the reply thereby indicated. There are separate baskets for each kind of letter, one for those most urgent, one for those to be signed, and so forth; and these baskets are always placed in the same positions in whichever of his residences the King may be.

All the ordinary inventions connected with office fittings have here a place. A calculating machine stands beside the card index drawers, and every department is connected by telephone.

ANIMAL SPIRITS.

AND HOW TO CULTIVATE THEM.

People who write books and preach sermons dealing with how other people ought to behave themselves, are constantly forgetting one great and important fact.

A man is a god in some degree. He can think more consecutively and deeply than any other animal; he can conceive elaborate ideas. Yet in part he remains an animal.

That is what our instructors forget.

They would have us kill the animal within us; if we did that we should kill the man as well. What we really ought to do is to mould and fashion the animal element of our make-up till it best serves our purposes.

Though every man is something of an animal, that is no reason why he should live like a beast; nor is there any good and just cause why he should not accept the joys which the animal subsoil is capable of yielding; he will take them in moderation, of course, for otherwise he would be that proverbially maligned animal, an ass.

As far as I have been able to fathom the mysteries of human life, it appears to me that a man's chief pleasures come to him through the animal part of him.

Few men play games because they think they ought to; if they do they are not much of sportsmen, but are taking their recreation as they would a pill, for the benefit of their health. Most men who go in for sport do it just for the fun of the thing.

And of what does this fun consist?

Simply of the letting loose of animal spirits. In a game there is required much nicety and skill; these things are of the mind, not of the body, and the joy coming from them is purely an intellectual one; but the great joy of any game or sport is not in the delicacy of play but in the exercise arising from it.

Animals romp about, and there are times when the most sedate of us would like to frisk like goats, only we are restrained by convention; therefore we invent an excuse; we devise a game, and we give vent to our animal spirits by means of it.

It is when our animal spirits are at their best that we like life most. A good swimmer breasting a stiff sea, a sturdy young man footing a frosty road, a skilled rider on a fresh horse—these are enjoying themselves because they are giving full play to their animal spirits.

You find some men who have hardly any animal spirits. Nobody likes them; some say they are dull, others selfish, others deep; but it is just the lack of animal spirits that makes them unpopular—and also unhappy, for the man without this essential ingredient loses most of the pleasures of life.

Animal spirits can be cultivated. Good company is the quickest way, for animal spirits are infectious.

Some men need to drink before they can forget their cares sufficiently to give rein to their animal spirits. This shouldn't be necessary. Get into the right environment—out in the open by preference—and then let yourself go. If you want to whistle, do it; if you want to grin to yourself with the sheer joy of living, do that; but don't throw intellectual cold water on your animal spirits; they are sensitive to a snub, and may stop away a long time.

The usefulness and the comfort of animal spirits will be apparent to anyone who has ever possessed them. They make the dreariest work seem cheerful, and they tide you over misfortunes and disasters.

Their greatest benefit, however, is that they keep you young.

With them your outlook is bright always; they prevent you from becoming cynical and weary of life; they have a reflex and beneficial effect on your health.

Obviously there are limits to the usefulness of animal spirits. In excess, they may be a nuisance to other people and a danger to yourself, but your good sense tells you when to pull up.

C. Wolff, B.A.

Rapid Physical Development

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

THE DISCIPLINE OF DRILL.

Some young men, even in these days when Territorialism is at its height, think that soldiering is useless from a physical point of view.

There never was a greater mistake. The advantages to the physique to be gained from drill, to say nothing of the healthy open-air life that the average soldier or territorial leads, are innumerable.

For instance, a man's carriage is vastly improved. It gains in grace and in precision of movement; there is no hesitation about the soldier's walk.

Again it has a dignity which that of the civilian lacks.

Moreover, drill trains a man to hold himself upright, and adds inches to his height. There is no occasion for him to walk as if he had swallowed a poker, but if he holds himself well, his value in the world goes up enormously, and, even more important, his own opinion of himself will rise, and he will gain self-respect.

That is worth some trouble.

KICKING A CORK.

The only appliance that is required for this exercise is the cork of an ordinary wine bottle. This should be placed standing on end on the floor about a yard in front of the feet as you stand at attention.

Amusing, but useful.

Then, standing on one foot, try with the toes of the other to knock it over. Of course, the foot that is raised must not touch the floor until it is replaced in its original position beside the other.

Many of my readers will no doubt have tried this simple little exercise as a "parlour game," without recognising its great value in developing the leg muscles, and in giving grace of movement, as the difficulty of poising the body is surmounted.

In the effort to maintain the equilibrium almost every muscle in the body is exerted to some extent, while if the exercise is practised several times over, with alternate legs, the strengthening effect on the knees and ankles, and the development of the thigh and calf muscles, will be most noticeable.

THE VALUE OF GARDENING.

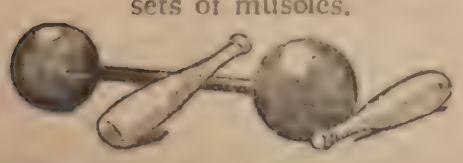
Gardening has come to be looked on by many people as an old man's pastime.

Personally I strongly recommend it to all who are fortunate enough to live in the country or to enjoy the opportunity of indulging in it, as one of the most healthy pursuits for a man of whatever age, and as an excellent means of acquiring physical development without making a labour of it.

The man whose work is of a purely mental nature can find no better means of relaxation than to keep his garden trim with his own hands.

I presuppose, of course, that he does the heavy work with the light, that he mows the lawn, digs and rakes the beds and rolls the paths, and does not merely potter round with a pair of scissors and a trowel, and superintend the labours of someone else.

His hobby will keep him out in the open air—in all weathers, if he is at all keen—and each separate form of activity will exercise different sets of musoles.



It is this variety that constitutes half the value of gardening as exercise.

The whole body is brought into play in most of the more strenuous forms of it, but in each case the stress is on different muscles.

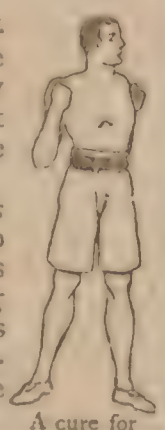
One is rather apt to grow tired of continually practising exercises for physical development, so that, if one has the opportunity, it is not a bad thing to cultivate some such hobby which can for a time be substituted for them, and which takes the mind completely off the fact that one's body is being developed.

A GOOD CHEST EXPANDER.

Stand in the position shown in the sketch, with the legs firmly planted well apart, and the clenched fists on the chest.

Then raise the arms to the full extent above the head, tense the muscles and bring the arms smartly down without bending them, so that the fists meet behind the back and the shoulder-blades are forced together.

Now, *without relaxing the muscles* or allowing the shoulder-blades to part, bend the arms from the elbows and return the fists to the starting position on the chest. Pause in this position for a few seconds before relaxing the muscles and repeating the process.



A cure for round backs.

This exercise will be invaluable for the expansion of the chest and for correcting a round back, and will also aid in the development of the upper arm muscles.

The important thing to remember, however, is to keep the shoulder-blades forced together, while the arms are being bent and returned to the position of the sketch.

DON'T BE MUSCLE-BOUND.

Is is a pleasing thing to possess huge muscles. They look well, and they have a reflex and highly beneficial effect upon the general health. All the same, some of our best-developed athletes don't show up as well as they might.

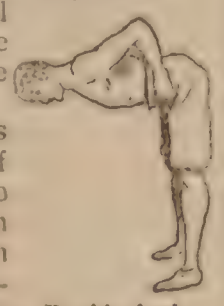
The reason is that they are muscle-bound—in other words, that the very quantity of their muscles impedes their movements. They look well when they are standing or sitting still, but they are ungraceful when they walk.

One of the finest correctives for this is a course of dancing. A heavy, muscular man makes the best waltzer, as any girl will tell you, and the waltzing slackens out his stiffened muscles and makes him graceful.

FOR SUPPLENESS.

A useful exercise for acquiring suppleness and developing the muscles about the waist is simply to bend the body slowly from the hips.

The legs should be planted about two feet apart, and the hands placed well back on the hips.



Do this slowly.

Then bend slowly downwards until the muscles at the back of your thighs and calves begin to hurt. At first this will be as soon as your body is in the position shown in the sketch, if not before, but after a little practice you will be able to go farther.

Be careful not to bend the body above the hips, or the legs below them, but swing, as in rowing, as if you were simply two rigid bars jointed in the middle.

PHYSICAL CULTURE OR PHYSIC.

I have been reading in a paper which devotes itself exclusively to the subject of physical culture (although it does not appear to me to give its readers any useful exercises) the statement that physical culture has also [illegible] the doctor, and that its devotees have no occasion ever to take medicine.

This is a very misleading thing to say.

Undoubtedly physical culture will generally keep a man in sound health, but if he finds that there is something the matter with him he will be foolish if he does not avail himself of a doctor's services.

If somebody told you that the best cure for a broken leg was a course of physical culture, you would naturally laugh at him; yet it is just as ridiculous to allege that physical culture will remedy all diseases of a medical, as opposed to a surgical, character.

What physical culture does for you is this. It makes you generally fit and therefore less liable to the inroads of disease; also there are many minor complaints which it will actually cure; but to set it down as a cureall is a claim which no one who has studied the human body thoroughly would make.

The consumptive, for example, will benefit by physical culture, but while going in for it he should also be under the care of a qualified medical man. On the other hand there are diseases which are made worse by hard exercise.

I am naturally a keen advocate of physical culture, but I do not want to make any exaggerated claims for it. To the healthy man it is a boon, and it improves his appearance; to the unhealthy man it may or may not be beneficial, and I cannot assume the responsibility of recommending it all round.

You can easily judge for yourself. If you are healthy, or if there is not anything seriously the matter with you, go in for physical culture by all means, for it will be to your infinite advantage. But if you are ailing, go and see your doctor and act on his advice.

TENNIS TROUBLES.

Tennis is looked upon by some men as a lady's game. It certainly has the advantage of permitting the sexes to meet with some equality, but that it can be and is played strenuously is proved at every tennis tournament, and I regard it as an excellent recreation for the physiculturist, for it gives elasticity to his muscles.

Even the Doherties find that they have to cut down their practice after playing in a few important matches, and have to resign themselves to the gentler exercise of motoring.

The malady which generally afflicts the professional tennis player is neuritis in his playing shoulder. Occasionally nature makes a painful variation by substituting rheumatism. It is believed by physical experts that it is due not to the hardness of the blow but to the combination of the impact with the peculiar motion necessary for the delivery of a good stroke.

These troubles are confined almost exclusively to professionals and over-enthusiastic amateurs. Those who play just for the fun of the thing need have no fears. The game will do them a world of good.

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Richard Selby: Englishman

NEW SERIES OF COMPLETE STORIES.

By ADAM STERN.

III. A FORCED MARCH.

"'Ere, Price! I want yo'."

Mr. Hezekiah Guest stood in the doorway of his office, beckoning with his forefinger.

"Come on; 'urry up!" he commanded as Price came across the yard in a leisurely fashion. "D'ye make it a matter o' pride?"

"I am 'urryin'," growled Price, following him into the office.

"Like enough," agreed his employer trenchantly. "But it's any rate yo' got to run to, see? Now look through them orders. There's a ton three-eight-inch short link yo' can put the finishes on to. An' 'ere's another from Bagnet & Moore's for cable as is wanted sharp. Yo' better put young Selby and Peter Wood on it."

"Wood ain't 'ere to-day," said Price, taking up the papers sulkily.

He had a vague belief that Guest knew of his connection with a recent scheme for bribing some of the chain-workers to go to Germany, and the suspicion made his temper uncertain.

"Well, Smith or Phelps. Anybody, so long as it's done."

Mr. Guest's tongue had the east wind cut about it this morning.

"They bain't 'ere neither," commented Price with seeming satisfaction.

"Where the blazes are they?" stormed Guest. "Eatin' their guts wi' beer, I guess. Shakes! I don't shut shop an' turn undertaker if this goes on. Trade good, they work one week an' the next. Bad, an' they whine around the place an' expect me to keep it."

"I reckon we shall ha' to put the work out," said Price.

Guest clicked his tongue impatiently.

"Can't be done for them folks. Yo' bin told often enough. B. and M.'s the best customer on the books an' they'll ha' my goods or nothin', see? They wants chain, not sausage links, an' they'm gooin' t' 'ave it. Yo' can put on that."

Price still looking stubborn, the orders were snatched from him and Guest hurried off.

"'Ow much arguyin' are yo' gooin' to try?" he demanded truculently, halting at Richard's bench.

"All according," said Richard, lifting a smeared face and leaning on his hammer. There was no sign of it in his Guest knew this young man was

"It's got to be done for yo' an' it's got to be done," he continued aggressively, flourishing the order before him.

Richard looked at it and nodded.

"Now don't yo' say yes an' mean no," threatened Guest, who was in the mood for bullying. "That order goes for shipment afore the week's out or there'll be trouble for somebody."

"It will be done," said Richard indifferently.

"I'll want 'elp, any'ow," put in Price, who was a judgment in his own favour. "It can't be done

Richard bullet-proof, Guest turned fiercely.

"What can't be done?" he exclaimed. "Anything can be done if one's a mind. Ain't that right, Richard?"

Richard agreed, thinking the question superGuest's shrewd eyes looked from one to the other. It was evident he was drawing a comparison.

"Can't be done," muttered Price automatically.

"Yo' seem pretty sure o' y'self," observed Guest to Richard with a grim smile.

"Yes," said Richard, who saw nothing funny in it.

"Price, it seems to me as someat might be made o' 'im," continued Guest. "What yo' think?"

With a keen look and a grimmer smile he walked away, his air that of a man who has conveyed a desired hint delicately.

Price stood glowering.

"Think yo'm mighty smart, I reckon," he snarled, as Richard resumed his work unconcernedly.

"Think yo' might oust me out o' my job, eh?" Price went on, with a murderous inflection.

"Ah, if the fancy took me," returned Richard. "You'd be free then to go and work for Mr. Wolff."

Price started.

He felt sure that Richard had been responsible for the mysterious disappearance of that gentleman, though he had no proof of it.

He was about to make some retort, but thought better of it. Richard knew too much.

All day he brooded evilly over it, seeing Richard placed as foreman instead of him.

Men as young as that had been foremen before, but it shouldn't happen to Richard if he could help it.

If he could only prevent him from fulfilling that order there would be trouble, as Guest had said—trouble for Richard.

Towards evening he went back to him and spoke in a conciliatory tone.

"Yo'm gooin' over to Wolver'ampton to-night, I reckon," he said.

"Ah," replied Richard.

He was captain of the Moulden Harriers and there was to be a meeting there to discuss the venue for the next Midland Cross-country Championship. It was hoped that it might be secured again for the Wolverhampton racecourse.

"I might come over as well," suggested Price.

"Right O," agreed Richard heartily. "The more the merrier."

As for the incident with Guest, it had passed clean out of his mind.

II.

Living a life, as he did, amid drab and squalid surroundings, it was rather peculiar that one of Richard's conscious pleasures was to get clean.

Cleansing his body was something of a ritual with him. He came away from the works day by day, dirty from head to foot, and until he had scrubbed himself and got into a change of clothes he felt a slave.

The men about him, so many of whom were dull, brutalised, degraded, bore the brand of iron day and night. They became like the metal themselves, hard, cross-grained, ugly.

Let them get as filthy as they liked in their battle with it, they were not men until they were clean.

Richard strode up the hill leading to the railway station, pondering over it. He felt clean in body and mind.

He felt that he would like the chance to make the other men clean; do it by force, if necessary; chuck 'em headlong in a great white bath.

Price was on the platform with two or three others whom Richard recognised as his particular cronies. They hailed him familiarly and travelled with him.

The train was an express to the North, and its first stop was Wolverhampton, merely a half-hour's journey away.

Despite this the men had brought with them bottles of beer, at which they pulled freely. Richard drank with them companionably and puffed away at his clay. The habits of the Black Countryman were his in those days as much as the others.

The talk was all of the coming cross-country meeting, fervent hopes being expressed that Richard would beat the crack of the Birchfield Harriers who had finished first on a former occasion.

Price was almost oppressive in his adulation of Richard's prowess, but Richard, who cared little for his opinion, simply thought he was endeavouring to be friendly.

"If 'e was properly trained I'd back 'im agen any on 'em," he averred. "'Ere, my lad, 'ave a swig at this. It's a drop of special."

"This ain't the way to train, though," laughed Richard, taking the bottle.

"Go on!" urged Price. "Yo' won't 'urt."

Richard tilted his head back and blinked at the roof of the carriage. The men nudged each other and grinned.

"Funny stuff!" said Richard, pulling a face. "What the devil y' put in it?"

He leaned back in his corner gazing stupidly at the others. None of them spoke. He saw their faces watching him intently out of a darkening mist.

"How infernal sleepy I've gone!" he sighed, pulling up his nodding head and opening his eyes wide.

His brows worked with the effort to think. Had they been playing a trick on him?

Standing up he tried to let down the window. Someone pushed him back into his seat and laughed.

Through the speckled mist danced a face wearing a triumphant leer, Price's face.

"By the lord!" he shouted with a spasm of understanding and struck at the face with all his strength.

Then a heavy blow behind the ear helped the drug, and he curled forward, inert.

"It's done," whispered Price. "Now 'urry. Shove 'im under the seat. 'E'll wake up an' find 'isself in Glasgow. What a spree!"

That was all the other men knew it to be—a spree. But Price delayed a moment when they got out, slipped a hand into Richard's trouser pocket and took all the money he found there.

"Yo're the devil that 'ud do that job single-handed!" he growled. "Yo're the chap as Guest said someat could be made o'! Yo'd be after my job, would yo'? He won't think so much of you when yo' don't turn up to-morrow mornin', for there ain't no time to lose over that order, and Guest 'll be done down. Yo' won't be there when he wants yo', my boy!"

And Price kicked the unconscious form that lay stretched beneath the seat.

III.

Richard's mind groped back to consciousness in an inferno of appalling sound. A wild, persistent clatter thumped into his aching head and shook his hot, cramped body. He felt abominably sick.

He groaned, trying to straighten his legs and get up. His raised head bumped against something hard and he blew and spat as dust, dry and stale, tingled his throat and nostrils.

That clatter and roar as of something in frantic flight was terrifying. He threw out an arm desperately, rolled over—and found freedom. Slowly he got up and looked about him.

He dusted his clothes mechanically. Opening the window he peered out into the night.

The train was tearing along, fields winding away in its wake, while telegraph poles flitted by like phantoms. They must be doing fifty miles an hour.

"Fooled!" he ruminated, as the fresh wind

cleared his brain. "And by Price! Where the devil am I, I wonder?"

The train sped under a bridge and galloped into a cutting, a prolonged racket echoing from the sliced walls.

How many hours had he been unconscious? He looked at his watch and gave a sigh of relief. It was only a quarter-past eight. Stafford could not have been passed yet, and he would get back to Moulden to-night. No doubt Price was chuckling over the result of his joke. Richard, so far, also believed it to be nothing else. But at Stafford he rapidly changed his opinion.

"O yes, we've heard them tales before," said the ticket-collector. "You must pay excess fare."

Richard protested, capitulated, put his hands on his pocket—then had to begin more explanations. He shook with a sudden surge of rage, ultimately leaving the station minus his watch and chain and a good deal of self-control.

Even the hardened traveller scarcely cares to be stranded in a strange place at night, and Richard plumbed the depths of misery as he wondered what he should do. Then he went through his pockets again and made a find; a lucky sixpence with a hole in it. He stood under a lamp and pondered it over. Presently he laughed and went back to the station. From there he despatched a telegram to Price, saying "I am coming back."

His determination once made, he inquired his way to the Wolverhampton-Road, and set off, taking it slowly till he got into his usual long, swinging stride.

There were thirty-five miles to be covered between now and six o'clock in the morning. Half that distance and he could have run it, but now he must walk. He would do it comfortably.

But it was not to be so comfortable as he had imagined. A couple of hours later rain began to fall, cold rain driven by a wild wind.

He lowered his head and strode along, his thoughts becoming rhythmic with his strides. Price sang steadily in his mind, Price!

He couldn't just now make up his mind what to do with him, but he could occupy his thoughts pleasantly about him as he went along. Perhaps he would kick him into the canal as he would like to do with the other blackened specimens who worked with him.

But soon his vindictive speculations fled. The storm gathered in fury. Before him untwined the dim road, trees loomed and hid him in their shadows, the rain lashed at his face and the wind swirled round him, then stilled as if to gain breath, and rushed, howling.

Richard lifted his face to the storm and laughed.

The elements were let loose upon him, madly opposing his way. He was tingling, thrilled, exuberant, defying them.

Milestones dragged by. The spirit of the storm left him. He trudged on, watching the road rolling slowly beneath his feet.

The moon shone through a scurrying cloud and saw bending trees, swaying hedges and a bent, black figure forging along a dark, deserted road.

Richard began to think about home. They would be wondering where he had got to, worrying about him. He ought to have sent the wire to them instead of that blundering fool Price.

How much farther? The next milestone braced him. He was little more than half way. This wouldn't do. If he was going to get to work in time he must cease thinking, and walk, steadily——

From Wolverhampton to Moulden there is nothing but narrow streets and filthy by-roads. Along these Richard passed steadily, tramping, mile upon mile, concentrated only upon the right-left of his feet, movement his life and purpose; an incarnated walk.

A church clock struck three. He had been walking for five hours. That was not long perhaps, but the darkness made it seem longer and he had not stopped. Each time he brought his feet to the ground it was like treading on the clamminess of a yielding fish; water sluiced between his toes; his trousers slopped round his legs and clung coldly to his knees at every step; his calves ached; his shoulders dropped. He was tired——

Tramp tramp tramp tramp! He found himself counting in eights—eight tramps—in time ridiculously with the leering face of Price. He became sullen, brooding, revengeful about Price. He had strange imaginings about Price. When he got his hands on Price he would bash him eight times; one for each tramp, tramp, tramp —— He was longing to get at Price; the very name kept ringing in his ears.

Richard trudged along, unsteadily, but without rest. He had covered thirty-five miles without stop, without food or water, after working ten hours at a forge thumping round bar-iron into oval links of chain, through a storm, with mud clogging his rough boots.

But he felt happy. He liked a fight, and he had had one—not with a man but with distance. The wind and the rain and the distance had been his antagonists and he had overcome them.

He was tired—deadly tired—but he was filled with the lust of victory.

Things had been up against him, and he had won.

At six o'clock he was at work, feeling clean and strong and well. He had been home, rubbed down, changed his clothes—and fed.

He was light-headed with hunger when he got into the house. Now the bright morning and the familiar tools in his hand made the night seem like a dream. Where was Price?

The question was asked by Mr. Guest some time after, but no one had seen him. Nor did they. He had got a better job in Wolverhampton, somebody said.

[Another of these stories will appear next ...]

BIRLEY'S Phosphorus

FOR BRAIN AND NERVES.

IT is an acknowledged fact that a lowered nervous system means a diminished amount of Phosphorus in the Brain. The Brain is the seat of nearly all the Phosphorus that the human body naturally possesses, and it is the presence of this wonderful element in the Brain that enables it to act—to think, to control, to direct our every action, to maintain our health, and to fight against and ward off disease.

Continued strain on the Brain and Nerves diminishes or uses up the Phosphorus at too great a rate, and when it is below Nature's level there quickly follows one or other of the many nervous troubles so prevalent.

It is self-evident what is required of us—we must feed the brain and nerves, and replace the Phosphorus that we unconsciously squander.

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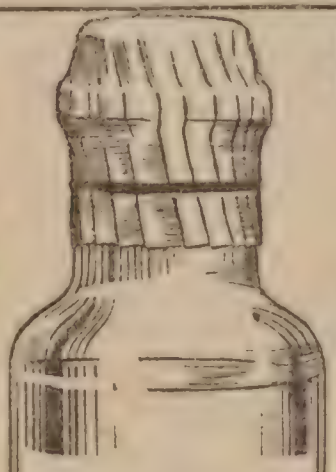
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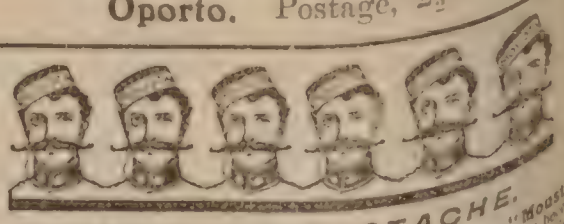

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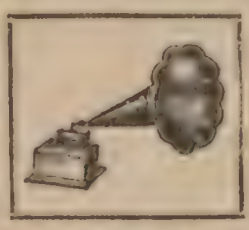

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SELLS.

THE GENTLE ART OF BLUFF.

The late P. T. Barnum, king of showmen, [illegible] hand at concocting useful sells. [illegible] early days his small show was crowded with sightseers, who, however, showed no desire to leave. This was not at all good business, for there was a big swarm outside waiting to [illegible]

To join Mr Barnum and his assistants kept shouting, "Those going out! Now, ladies and gentlemen, please pass out. You've seen everything." The people still persisted in moving round and round the various exhibits and avoiding the exit. Then a happy idea struck the enterprising showman. He quietly removed the notice [illegible] from over one of the doors, and hurriedly painted a large placard with the words, "This way to the Egress." [illegible] this above the door and stationed two [illegible] to bellow the same legend at the top of their voices. The people flocked to see the new and unheard-of monster, the Egress, passed through and, of course, found themselves outside the place.

A gentleman in Ireland was once approached by a mysterious individual who wanted to know what he would pay if he were shown a private [illegible]. The gentleman delightedly promised a handsome reward, and the supposed informer led him many a weary mile through bogs and [illegible] roughest mountains to a cottage, on [illegible] which he beheld a soldier sitting by [illegible]

"You see that sojer? Well, he's my brother [illegible] been in the Arrmy these foive year or [illegible] and he's a private still, as I promised to [illegible]

Ladies are often employed at charity bazaars to [illegible] coin a dishonest penny, the promoters excusing themselves by the motto that "the end justifies the means."

You will see a little booth placarded "Admission One Penny! Come inside and see 'A View of Peel,' 'A view of Cork,' and 'The Most Life-like Representation of a Football Match.'" You pay your penny and walk in, to be shown [illegible] upon which is the "view of Peel" [illegible] orange-peel, as also the view of Cork, a [illegible] out of a cork, and a football beside a [illegible]

A schoolmaster announced to his boys that [illegible] give them a magic-lantern entertainment [illegible] with views of the Isles of Greece. [illegible] pictures shown on the screen, to the [illegible] delighters, was that of a [illegible] and the lecturer called out, [illegible]

[illegible] a roar of laughter, of course, and [illegible] withdrawn, to be immediately put [illegible]. The bewildered audience saw the [illegible] on the screen. "Same [illegible]," roared the lecturer.

After that, though the views were what the [illegible] had come to expect.

A [illegible] went up to a stationmaster at an outlying suburb of London and asked to see him [illegible]

"There are [illegible] of my friends," [illegible] the stranger, "who go up to the City every [illegible] without paying any railway fare, and for a [illegible] consideration I don't mind telling you how [illegible] manage it."

The stationmaster willingly paid the small [illegible]

"Well, how do they manage it?"

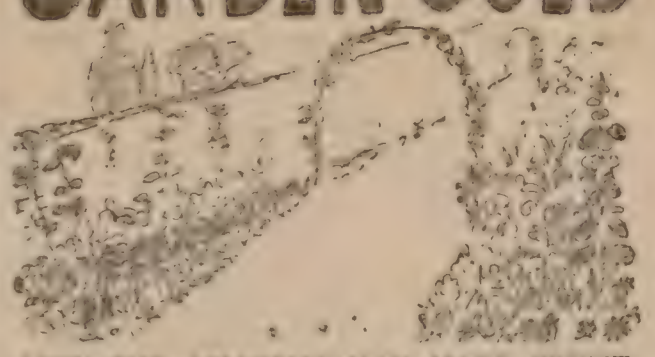
"They walk," replied the stranger as he fled.

[illegible] part of the stock-in-trade of the [illegible] and drawing-room entertainer [illegible]

He will place a sixpence under a plate and [illegible] I will remove the sixpence without removing the plate." Making a few signs and [illegible] mysterious words, he then asks someone [illegible] to lift up the plate, when he will triumphantly [illegible] up the sixpence and remark with [illegible] "There, I removed the coin without [illegible] the plate."

M. E. Robb.

GARDEN GOLD



HOW THE AMATEUR MAY MAKE PROFIT.

Gardening is amongst the most profitable of all spare time employments. A waiter in a Brighton hotel is making from £60 to £70 a year from a half-acre of land in which he does all the work himself. He grows nearly every kind of vegetable, carefully selecting early varieties so that he may secure a good market by having his stuff ready before the glut begins.

Besides being his own spadesman, he is his own porter, carrying to the railway station all the stuff that is to be conveyed to London and personally delivering that which is to be consumed locally.

Attractive as this return may appear, it is insignificant compared with that which may be secured by the grower of flowers. Violets are the most profitable, for they can be produced in enormous quantities and find a sure market at a remunerative price.

A cottager near St. Ives makes a profit of nearly £200 a year out of half an acre which he has planted with Czar violets. The kindly climate of Cornwall enables him to produce blooms out-of-doors from April to October and during the winter he keeps up a supply by using a dozen cold frames.

Violet-growing on a smaller scale may be profitably carried on by the amateur. The cultivation of this plant is most interesting. A good frame can be obtained for £1 or £2 and the cost of manure and plants need not be more than 10s. The young plants should be bought in April, and by autumn will have developed into large crowns, which when lifted into the frames will flower throughout the winter.

For the protection of good individual flowers care must be taken to prevent the plants from branching off at the roots. Decayed leaves must be picked off, and at night a thick canvas cover should be drawn over the frame as a protection against frost.

In March or April the clumps should be removed to the open, and the soil in the frame should be completely changed before it is again used for violets, as these plants do not thrive on soil from which they have extracted those elements which go to build them up.

A cold frame can be used for the rearing of seedlings such as wallflowers, columbines, polyanthus and sweet williams, and these can be disposed of at from 1s. to 3s. per box containing two dozen plants. Well-struck geranium cuttings may be sold even more profitably.

The finding of a market is a source of some trouble at first. Selling to one's friends is a thing distasteful to most amateurs, and dealing with the local greengrocer or seedsman will in most cases prove unsatisfactory. The best way is to communicate with one of the wholesale firms at Covent Garden and thus get the market price for your products without being obliged to anyone.

In most cases the railways will allow you very moderate rates for the carriage of your goods; that is worth looking into.

It is always worth while saving seed. Carefully mark the best blooms of pansies, wallflower and so forth, see that they are properly fertilised, and gather the seed as soon as it is ripe. This must be regarded as a side line, for it will not immediately be a source of very much profit, but if you make a reputation for producing good seeds you may secure fairly good prices from the wholesale houses.

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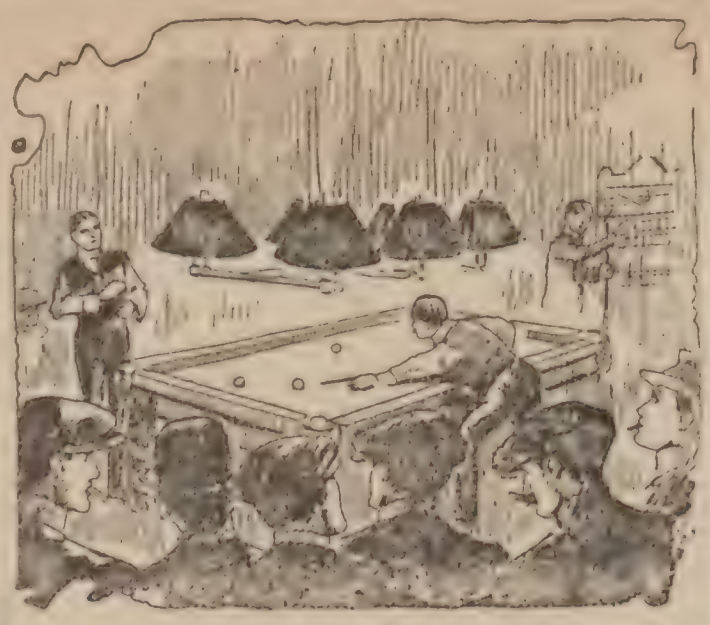
A Billiard Match.

A SKETCH.



In the oily sunlight that filters through the murky gloom of Soho we searched the Square, and found the place in a corner.

We were armed with an invitation so signed that a liveried official bowed before it, and conducted us upstairs along a thick-carpeted passage. He walked on tiptoe, and, awed by his example and his awful seriousness, we did likewise. He opened a heavy door that creaked not, and with an air of mystery ushered us into the Holy of Holies.

We had stepped out of the afternoon into the evening. Six fringed shaded lights, innocent of whisky advertisements, threw a soft luxurious luminance on the green cloth of the table, casting the rest of the room into shadow. Around, on the raised seats, sat those languorous "men about town" of the class that toil not, neither do they spin, and must perforce kill Time until it takes to killing them. They were newspaper-knowledged sportsmen—unworthy critics of jockeyship and other things they could not possibly understand of their own experience—men who were ever ready to consign to the torments of the damned the horse or man that lost their money.

SOLEMNITY AND SMOKE.

They sat watching solemnly like a gathering of the Psychical Research Society at a spiritualist's séance—except that they smoked, and impregnated the sickly warm atmosphere with the fumes of costly Havanas and the pungent odour of Egyptian cigarettes.

A tall, oily-haired man attired in black, a low-cut waistcoat, and shirt sleeves, bent himself over the table at the far end and took aim. The white ball whizzed smartly across the green cloth, and hit the back of the red that lay hard up on the top cushion. "Side" carried it along, and it caught the hip of the corner pocket—a failure.

A general murmur of "Hard luck, sir!" arose. The tall man stood back a little, his white, drawn face wearing an impassive, sphinx-like calm.

"One hundred and ten break," the marker said, having announced the score in his dull monotone. Applause broke forth.

SILENCE AGAIN.

We found our seats, and all was deathly silent again. The match was in the concluding stages of a professional tournament heat.

The tall man sat down in the chair provided for the players' use by a thoughtful Management.

His diminutive, dark-moustached opponent rose, and philosophically chalked his cue. He showed no visible signs of enthusiasm as he went wearily to the table.

For a moment the player visually connected the angle between the red and the white balls at the top of the table. Then came the double click of a faultless dragging cannon, followed by a variety of clicks, as the little man bent over various sides of the board to the accompaniment of many successful strokes.

"VERY PRETTY."

My country friend, a vigorous hunting and shooting man, whispered to me (at the risk of a killing glance from the marker) that it all seemed "very pretty" to him. I think that aptly described it. A billiard champion is never a hero, even to lovers of the game.

The striker continued to make shot after shot, easily and unobtrusively bringing the balls together again. The great marking board showed the game was close and evenly contested. Now excitement showed itself on the faces of all—except the players themselves!

The little man continued to play with the delicate touch that marks the supreme artist. An "understrengthed" "in off the white" left the balls in an awkward position. Then the hard, splitting crack of a screw cannon broke the silence. "A-ah!" came an involuntary murmur of admiration, followed by clapping as the marker announced a hundred break.

The applause subsided. Somewhere at the back of the room a fat, drowsy man stirred in his sleep, snored, and was promptly gagged by his indignant immediate neighbours.

The lie of the balls was but little bettered. The striker wrinkled his forehead, and his little dark eyes took stock of the table. He took slow and thoughtful aim, and a moment later the white had just grazed the red and was whirring round the table for a three-cushion cannon.

A miss! The audience hummed confusedly, and the inevitable Men who Knew All explained to each other exactly how they would have got the shot.

A CLOSE FINISH.

The little man retired into the shadow and sat down. I gathered that the tall, pale-faced one required but eighty to win. A languid young man just behind me leaned over and in a whisky flavoured whisper offered in vain to "bet six to four on the striker."

The tall man proceeded to score pretty cannons and did marvellous things with the red ball. He fell at a fairly simple "long jenny" when he had compiled over fifty. It was a bad shot, and the critics did not hesitate to say so—to each other.

The smoking press-men at the end of the room proceeded to scribble rapidly. The spectators leaned forward anxiously. A comparatively small break was all that was required of the dark moustached little man. One could have heard the proverbial pin drop as he went to the table.

"Click-click—click-click!" I found that even my friend from the country, judging by the fact that he handed me his pocket-book when I asked for a cigarette, was getting excited also.

GAME!

The little dark man seemed to possess a wizard-like influence over the balls. He played both the hard and the simple strokes in the same careful, thoughtful style with that everlasting "click."

Two for game—and a difficult cushion cannon on! The younger spectators fidgeted uneasily. The grey beards puffed solemnly at their cigars.

Gad! a hairbreadth miss—the white ball is spinning round the table. It catches the middle pocket with a bump, and dribbles slowly across in an oblique line for the bottom corner pocket, losing pace as it runs.

Nearer—nearer—now entering the jaws of the pocket. The silence could be cut. The ball seems to stand poised on the brink. Then the yellow net pocket receives it—plop!

"Game!" exclaimed the marker. Thereupon the tongues of Babel break loose, and the loser is congratulating his opponent on a lucky fluke.

We were outside again, back into the twilight of the Square, rubbing our eyes.

"Pooh!" exclaimed my friend, "I'd rather see a donkey-race!"

"You were keenly interested," I observed.

"Prove it!" he said.

I handed him his pocket-book. M. BRUCE.

A NEW SENSE.

Why is it that the townsman can pilot his [illegible] over one of London's busiest crossings, while his country cousin, with twice his strength and nerve, finds himself in the middle of the [illegible] scared and fluttering, and with a fixed belief that every moment will be his last?

It is not that the town-dweller has greater intelligence; it is simply because the demands of modern life have brought out in him a [illegible] sense, the sense of traffic. The countryman loses it after a fortnight's stay in a busy town, provided he hazards a passage across its streets often enough.

The pity is that no means can be found of developing this sense away from the cities. If it would the passage of the cyclist and the motorist be a triumphal progress, for the village dame and children would walk serenely away instead of, as now, making a bee-line for the front of their machines.

A £500 INSURANCE

Registered and good for a year.

The Proprietors of "THE MODERN MAN" have entered into an arrangement with the

GENERAL

ACCIDENT FIRE AND LIFE

Assurance Corporation, Ltd.,

whereby any reader over 14 years of age may obtain an Insurance for

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS

payable, subject to the terms and conditions of the Insurance, to the next-of-kin of the holder if he [illegible] be killed by an accident to any RAILWAY [illegible] OMNIBUS, TRAMCAR, or CAB within the United Kingdom or the Channel Islands by which he or she is travelling as a ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger or the holder of a free pass.

The Insurance will hold good for one year from the date it bears and will be dispatched on receipt of the subjoined Application Form, filled in with the name, address, and occupation of the Applicant, accompanied by a Postal Order for 6d and an addressed envelope.

No person may hold more than one of these insurances in respect of the publication in which this announcement appears.

Fire, Burglary and Larceny and Domestic Servants Insurance.

IN ONE POLICY FOR ONE PREMIUM AT LOW RATES.

NOTE.—Being Independent of all Tariff Combinations, this Corporation's Policies are free of all vexatious restrictions and conditions.

ASSETS - - Over £1,500,000.

Chief Offices:
GENERAL BUILDINGS, PERTH; and
9 and 10, KING ST., CHEAPSIDE LONDON, E.C.

THE MODERN MAN.

Form of Application for £500 Insurance.

To be detached at dotted line and forwarded to the

GENERAL
Accident Fire and Life
ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Limited.
General Buildings, Perth, Scotland.

I request you to forward to me, in the [illegible] addressed envelope, the Insurance [illegible] and to register my name as below, as the [illegible] such Insurance, for which purpose I [illegible] Postal Order for 6d.

Full Name, ...

Address, ...

.....

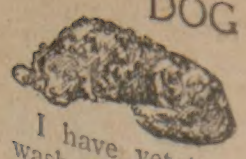
Occupation, ...

Date, ...

Postal Orders should be made payable to the "General Accident Fire and Life Assurance Corporation, Limited," and crossed.

Please Write Plainly.

DOG WASHING.



HOW TO MAKE THE TOILET OF YOUR FOUR-LEGGED PAL WITHOUT GETTING SPLASHED YOURSELF.

I have yet to meet the dog that likes to be washed. I have had many dogs which thoroughly enjoy a swim, and I believe that the majority of dogs would take kindly to the water if accustomed to it sufficiently early.

But the water they like is the river, and I doubt very much whether it is really the water that possesses the attraction for them; I rather think it is the exercise of swimming.

Be that as it may, the dog which takes kindly to a tubbing has not so far come within my experience.

I have known some men whose weekly struggle over the washing of their pet was a martyrdom to themselves as well as to him, and in most cases this was due to their not going about it in the best way.

You can't make a dog frisk and jump around his bath as a child will do, but you can at least induce him to take it in the spirit of submission. The first consideration is to have the water of a reasonable temperature; it is unfair to ask a dog to stand in a tub of ice cold water while you soap him and rinse him. Remember that the only part of you that is touching the water is your hands, and that you are being kept warm by the friction of the rubbing and by the exercise. The dog's is another case altogether.

You should break in a dog to take his bath quietly when he is a puppy. The first time you wash him, have very little water in the tub, and teach him to lie quiet when you put him on his side amongst it. Naturally he will struggle a little just at first and may splash you a bit, but you would not have it otherwise, for a dog with no life about him is of no use to anyone.

Above all things, don't hit a dog for being unruly in his bath. Lay him down by pulling his legs farthest away from you towards you, and when he is thus floored keep him quiet by stroking his head, and if necessary by scolding him. Don't swear at him. If you swear it is ten to one that you will hit him next, and that spoils everything.

Treat the dog gently and firmly in this manner, and, though you will not induce him to rejoice over his bath, he will at least take it more or less quietly.

In bathing a dog it is best first to pull him over in the water so that the whole of his coat is thoroughly wet; sprinkling water on him is not nearly so effective.

When the hair is sopping, rub him all over with soap. I think that more attention should be given to the selection of soap than is generally bestowed by the majority of owners. Any of the quick-washing soaps now in domestic use will be effective for the dog whose coat is in a normal condition, but if the hair or the skin has a tendency to dryness you will be well advised to use a soap in which there is less active acid; the variety known as common yellow will generally meet such a case.

Carbolic soap may be used with advantage if you think there is any tendency to skin trouble, but in my view it leaves an objectionable smell and is in most cases unnecessary.

When the dog has been thoroughly soaped all over, when his ears and even the spaces between his toes have been washed out, turn him once more on his side, then on his back and let him get up. If the coat still seems soapy, repeat the process. In tubbing a dog in this manner be most careful not to let his nose get beneath the surface of the water; if you do, the dog will struggle, as is but natural.

When you have got him clean, make him put his fore feet on the edge of the bath, and dry his head, taking particular care with the ears, as if these are left wet, canker may result.

Teach him that it is a heinous offence to shake himself, and get the drying process over as quickly as possible because he naturally wants to get free.

I strongly recommend that you should use a couple of towels, as the first will very soon get very wet, and you want to have his coat dry at the earliest moment so as to prevent the danger of getting a chill. I know of nothing better in the way of towelling than pieces of sacking cut to suitable size. Naturally they must be well washed before being used as towels, as otherwise they will be too hard to absorb the water.

When the bath is finished, give the dog a reward. It may be a lump of sugar or a biscuit according to his particular taste, but the knowledge of this end to his trial has a marvellous effect in keeping him good-tempered during it.

Wash a dog in the way I have indicated, never on any account chastise him during the process, and you will find that the tubbing is a much less unpleasant business than you supposed.

G. S. PARDY.

A VISION GOLDEN.

A statistician computes that if all the gold hidden in the earth and suspended in the seas could be extracted, there would be enough to give every man, woman and child about £2,000,000.

Then we should have the paradox of millionaire poverty. Prices would immediately mount in proportion, and you would have to pay about £100,000 for a suit of clothes, and £20,000 for a football. To gain admittance to view a match would run you into about £500, and so on.

Just imagine the man who spent all his little lot, and had to whine to the passers-by: "Kind lady, please spare me £100 to buy a crust of bread!"

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in Government, Municipal, Land Bank and other Bonds or Debentures issued by responsible public bodies on the Continent.

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"HOBART" BICYCLES.

As Ridden by Royalty.

The Bicycles of distinctive appearance and finish to be seen in the smartest circles are invariably "Hobart's." Excellence of quality and finish are features for which we have been noted during the whole of our 25 years' connection with the cycle industry.

"HOBART'S" ARE GUARANTEED FOR TEN WHOLE YEARS.

Prices from £3 10s. Od. Cash and 5/- Monthly.

Pay Whilst Riding.

Write for our Catalogue to-day.

HOBART BIRD & CO., LTD. (Dept. C3), COVENTRY.

Oatine

To ensure a clean and comfortable shave use good shaving soap, such as either the OATINE SHAVING CREAM (in tubes) or the OATINE SHAVING STICK, both of which are British-made, and most carefully prepared for the purpose, the cream giving a heavy, and the stick a lighter, close-lying lather, but being alike in this, that both give a free, smooth, lasting and agreeable lather that will not dry on the face. If you have not tried either of the OATINE SOAPS for shaving do so without delay.

To relieve the irritation caused by shaving there is nothing so effective as OATINE CREAM, which possesses special healing properties; it should be applied immediately after shaving, and should be gently rubbed into the skin, or, better still, rubbed into the beard overnight or before the morning shave. This has the effect of softening the beard in a most astonishing manner, rendering shaving far easier and simpler than it is in the ordinary way.

FREE SAMPLES

of OATINE CREAM and OATINE SOAP will be sent to all applicants, together with a copy of our booklet, or send 3d. for a box containing samples of eight different preparations.

THE OATINE CO., 79A, DENMAN STREET, LONDON, S.E.

Glen Alva Whisky.

The Finest Old Scotch at

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Noted for its Recherche LUNCHEONS, DINNERS & SUPPERS.

Excellent Cuisine. Choice Wines. Moderate Charges.

Telephone: 460-461, GERRARD.
Telegrams: "BENVENUTO, LONDON.

Proprietor, F. COSTA.

The Outer Man.

A WEEKLY FEATURE

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

THE KILT.

The recent suggestion of a tailoring trade paper, that we should all discard our present "nether integuments" and take to kilts, recalls me to a subject on which I feel very strongly.

I am afraid life is like trousers. Smart in front but shiny behind. The hidden shininess of life I must leave to deeper thinkers than myself; with regard to the shininess of trousers a Scotch correspondent writes to me:

"If we all wore kilts, there would be no further need for trouser presses, baggy knees would be unknown, and the kilt would never become shabby from being sat upon. Moreover, it is much warmer than trousers. The fact that the knees are bare is no hardship, as any football player or athlete will tell you. Much has been said about reform in men's dress, but I think that the introduction of the kilt into the world of masculine fashion would be the most sensible move that could possibly be made."

ITS LIMITATIONS.

I am inclined to agree with my correspondent, for novelty is a thing that appeals to me greatly. To adopt Highland costume in its entirety would show a lack of initiative on the part of the Englishman, and I suggest that he should retain his silk hat and morning coat. Combined with the kilt about his nether limbs, these garments would assume a new beauty and attractiveness.

A policeman in a kilt would be an immediate success. Kilts would be wasted upon the cabman, because he would still continue to wrap himself about with rugs. The 'bus conductor I exempt, because he has so much running up and down stairs.

Seriously though, the introduction of the kilt would greatly add to the picturesqueness of modern life. I myself have worn a kilt on the Scotch moors, and can testify to its comfort and freedom. Its main fault, and one that keeps its general adoption but a dream, is that an ordinary outdoor Highland dress runs you into an expenditure of from £10 to £15.

Another bar to its adoption is the fact that not one man in ten can "carry off" a kilt, which takes about as much skill in putting on as a woman's hat—and that is more than most men imagine.

SLEEVE LIFTS.

The man who buys ready made shirts, especially if he is not exactly a "stock size," is often annoyed to find that he can only get a shirt that is the right size in the body at the expense of taking some two or three inches of superfluous sleeve.

In the case of a shirt with stiff cuffs this need not cause much trouble, for the cuff will prevent the sleeve slipping over the hand, but with a flannel shirt it will detract much from the smartness of his appearance.

It is not necessary, however, to call in the aid of the feminine needle and thread, and insert that abomination known as a "tuck." It is far better to get from an outfitter a pair of "sleeve lifts," which may be worn or left off at will.

The best kind are those that fit, rather like a garter, round the upper arm, but since they have a foundation of wire the pressure is so slight as to cause no inconvenience.

Beware of the kind that consists simply of two things like tie-clips tied together, for these will ruin the shirt by tearing chunks out of the sleeve.

CUFF BUTTONS.

The modern lounge or morning coat has, or should have, two or three buttons at the back of the cuff.

As often as not the buttonholes are mere shams and are not cut through the cloth, the cuff is not slit at all, and the buttons are sewn on merely for show.

Now, apart altogether from the undesirability of carrying such a sham about with one, it is worth while seeing that your tailor does not perpetrate this petty deception.

The buttoned-up slit at the cuff greatly improves the look of a coat, by relieving the monotony of the sleeve, but it also is extremely useful, as well as ornamental.

You often want to turn the sleeves back at the wrists when you are engaged in some work which is not sufficiently strenuous to demand the taking off of your coat.

Without the slit this is a matter of some difficulty, indeed it is impossible if stiff cuffs are worn, while if the buttons on your coat are genuine and not mere humbug it is only a matter of a few seconds.

TROUSERS TURNED UP.

Should a man, or shouldn't he, turn up his trousers?

The answer must be left to your own individual taste.

Some men like their trousers turned up at the ankles; some don't; and there the matters ends.

At Oxford and Cambridge, where many of our fashions originate, you will find most of the undergraduates wearing their trousers turned up, even on fine days.

I asked one of them why.

"Why not?" he replied. "What is the idea of gauntlet cuffs to a jacket? Simply to relieve the general drabness of masculine clothes. The turned-up trousers serve the same purpose."

It is a pity that there should be in many quarters a prejudice against the trousers being turned up. I know that in some parts a man is instantly branded as a bounder, if he wears his trousers turned up, except in the vilest weather, and I always feel more sorry for his detractors than for him.

The turned-up trousers are in themselves becoming, and are therefore to be encouraged.

Be careful, however, before deciding on wearing your trousers turned up. Some trousers are not intended for this sort of thing, and consequently when they are folded back there is revealed a very unsightly and ill-stitched hem. If you mean to wear your trousers turned up, just give your tailor the hint before he starts making the suit; he will then see to it that the cloth is well folded in and that the edge of the hem is trim and neat. With trousers so made, you can turn the bottoms up without misgiving.

Another little tip is this. If you wear your trousers turned up, press them so. It will greatly add to the general effect if the bottoms of the trousers are creased in the same way as the rest of that very necessary if somewhat unlovely garment.

TAKE OUT YOUR LACES.

It is an old and annoying proverb that "A stitch in time saves nine," and certainly a little extra trouble taken when cleaning your boots, will not only improve their appearance, but will prolong the life of the laces.

Every now and then when cleaning the brown boots take the laces out, and clean the leather beneath them, which will otherwise be of a totally different colour, and will be covered with dirt.

Also by removing the laces occasionally you will prevent their getting worn away so soon by friction against the eyelet hole, and from getting discoloured and looking patchy.

It is especially desirable to take out the laces occasionally from those boots that have "Derby" fronts, or flaps detached from the upper at the bottom of the lacing. The accumulation of dirt and dried boot polish which these harbour looks most ugly.

CLEANING TAN GLOVES.

I have been asked for a means of cleaning tan gloves—"Cape Tan," I believe, is the technical name—when, as happens so soon, they are begrimed with dirt from tramcars and trains.

If the dirt is not too deeply ingrained it may often be removed by placing the glove on the hand and rubbing hard with indiarubber.

If, however, this does not have a satisfactory effect, and you do not wish to send the gloves to the cleaners, more drastic measures must be resorted to.

Get a small quantity of benzoline, which can be obtained from any large oil-and-colourman, though many small ones are prevented from keeping it by the prohibitive restrictions as to the place of storage.

It will save disappointment also, if you remember that benzoline, being highly inflammable, may not be sold after dark, and when it is being used for cleaning purposes, the operation should always take place by daylight and out of doors.

A little of the spirit should be poured into an open saucer into which a small piece of flannel may be dipped. If this is rubbed with some vigour on the soiled glove, it will bring away with it the majority of the dirt.

It is unfortunately necessary to put the glove upon the hand in order to clean it properly, so that it is especially important to see that there is not a light within reach.

USEFUL, BUT DANGEROUS.

A sad case showing the result of carelessness in this respect, was the recent death of a Cambridge undergraduate, who was cleaning a pair of white kid gloves upon his hands with benzoline, and smoking a cigarette at the same time.

In the inevitable flare-up he suffered burns to which he succumbed.

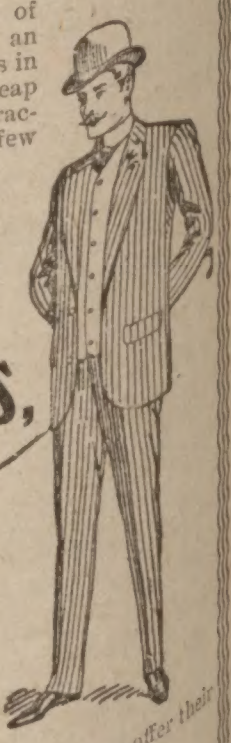
If treated with proper care, however, benzoline or benzine—which is really a highly rectified distillation of petroleum, and not to be confused with the less powerful solvent produced from coal tar, known as benzene or benzol—is a boon and a blessing to the man who wants to keep his clothes smart and clean.

It will clean gloves of any kind, from white kid to the heaviest driving gloves, it will renovate light fancy waistcoats, and will remove spots of grease, dirt or paint from the clothes.

Those who cannot obtain benzoline will find ordinary petrol an excellent, though less powerful, substitute.

Distinctive Tailoring

not only stamps the man of culture and taste, but is an indispensable asset to success in life. A cheap suit looks cheap from the start and becomes practically unwearable after a few months' use—it also denotes a 'cheap' man. Nothing creates a more favourable impression than smartly-cut and well-fitting clothes; and the attention given in this respect



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J. & H. ELLIS,

Of 201, Strand, London,

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Harris Tweed Suits, from 45/-

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proves them to be specialists in their line of business. It is because they know the secret of making men's clothes that they offer their services with every confidence, and feel it

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Readers' Sale and Exchange.

We have received so many requests from readers as to our devoting a certain portion of our advertising space to their immediate requirements, that we have decided to set apart this page in future for readers' announcements.

The sacrifice we are making in thus reducing our ordinary trade advertising is considerable, and we trust that our readers will appreciate this and take full advantage of the opportunity we afford them.

We shall print our readers' announcements under the following headings, both offered and wanted:

DRESS,
SPORTING APPLIANCES,
PHYSICAL CULTURE APPLIANCES,
DOGS,
HOBBIES,
BOOKS,
"DIGS,"
MISCELLANEOUS.

Under the "Digs" section we hope to have the announcements of both town and country readers who are willing to receive as guests other readers living in a different part of the country. In this way both parties will enjoy an excellent and inexpensive holiday. The need for some such arrangement has been borne in upon us by the many letters we have had on this point. This section will also be open to farmers and others who are prepared to receive other readers simply as paying guests for week-ends or longer periods, without having an exchange visit in view.

Under the "Miscellaneous" heading we shall include those announcements which do not come strictly under any of the others.

THE COST WILL BE

the very moderate one of one penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement. The reader's name and address will be charged for at the same rate, whether it is printed or not.

Box numbers may be used by those who do not wish their addresses to appear.

If you want to sell or buy something, think what it is, draft out a brief announcement concerning it, enclose a postal order to cover the cost at a penny a word, and post your letter to

THE SALES EDITOR,
"THE MODERN MAN,"
Thanet House,
Strand, LONDON.

Next week we shall print the first batch of Readers' Announcements, and the feature will be a regular one after that.

THE MODERN PHYSICIAN.

By Dr. ANDREW WILSON.

A work that justifies its claim to be a complete guide to the attainment and preservation of health—as well as a practical teacher of the nature and symptoms of all diseases—is a work to be hailed as a household friend. Such a book is "The Modern Physician," by Dr. Andrew Wilson, in which the medical, surgical, and hygienic knowledge supplied is essentially up-to-date, scientifically accurate and reliable, written in the simplest language, and complete in every particular.

"FIRST AID" WORK.

A considerable amount of space is devoted to the teaching of "First Aid" or Ambulance Work, one of the most important movements of modern times, whereby members of the trained public are made capable of rendering efficient assistance to persons who have suffered from accidents of various kinds.

THE BOOK FOR THE HOME.

The section devoted to Hygiene, otherwise known as preventive medicine, includes the full exposition of the laws of health, and special attention is devoted to physical culture.

Descriptions of every part of the frame will be found in "The Modern Physician," the skeleton, muscles, digestive system, heart and lungs, brain and nervous system, organs of sense, skin, kidneys, etc., etc., being fully explained and illustrated.

In this connection the coloured "mannikins" or "dummies," in which the various organs overlap each other precisely as they do in the human body, are very useful in making the reading matter clear.

The section devoted to "The Family Medicine Chest" gives the description, uses and doses of drugs, as drops, lotions, ointments and gargles.

The section dealing with Cooking for Invalids gives a complete collection of valuable recipes.

Volume V. deals entirely with the Health and Diseases of Women. It will be found useful to mothers who wish their daughters to grow up into healthy women. Midwifery and the diseases of infants and children are fully treated.

It is safe to say that in a large household embracing human items of every age or sex, the point of doubt or difficulty, the unexpected accident or emergency, could not arise that could not be immediately and satisfactorily dealt with, with this splendidly practical work at hand. It saves its cost before it has been in use for a month.

TWO OPINIONS.

Mr. Wm. Webb, 102, Queensland Street, Liverpool:

"'The Modern Physician' ought to be in every household in the land, and it is certainly no fault of yours should it not be so, for the price at which it is published is reasonable, and the terms of subscription exceptionally easy."

Mr. A. H. Hart, 18, Canbury Park Road, Kingston-on-Thames:

"Three things especially impressed me: The up-to-date character of the work; the simplicity of the language used; and its practical value. It is alike creditable to Editor and Publisher."

A FREE BOOKLET.

CAXTON PUBLISHING COMPANY.
SURREY STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Please send me, free of charge, and without any obligation on my part, illustrated booklet on "The Modern Physician," and particulars of your plan whereby the five volumes are delivered for a first payment of 1s. 6d., the balance being paid by small monthly payments.

Name .....

(Send this form or a postcard, mentioning "The Modern Man.")

Address .....

.....

Applications for Advertising Spaces must be made to the Sole Agents, A. BURBRIDGE & CO., LTD., *Thanet House*, 231, *Strand, London.*

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For Your Health's Sake.

8 Hours' Sleep
8 Hours' Work
8 Hours' Play less
8 Minutes' Exercise

} **Every Day.**

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For your Health's sake—for the sake of yourself and others dependent upon your fitness—for the purpose of warding off such ailments as Indigestion, Constipation, Lack of Energy, Sleeplessness or Nervousness—

Just try the 8 Minutes a day **SANDOW DEVELOPER** Exercise for One Week—then note the improvement in your feeling of fitness, your appearance and your energy of brain and body.

INDIGESTION will not afflict you.
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SLEEPLESSNESS will not haunt your pillow.
NERVOUSNESS will not mar your daily life.

IF YOU EXCEED THE 8 HOURS' WORK LIMIT—BEWARE!!!

You especially cannot neglect the precaution of stimulating the bodily and mental functions in the health harmony of mind-directed muscular exercise with the **SANDOW DEVELOPER.**

An infinite variety of invitingly interesting and health-valuable movements can be carried out with the **SANDOW DEVELOPER.**

The **SANDOW DEVELOPER** has been supplied to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, Lord Roberts and other notable people, and all speak highly of the **SANDOW DEVELOPER.**

With every **SANDOW DEVELOPER** at **12/6** is supplied charts of many different illustrated movements for recreational and health with fully detailed instructions.

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Try the Sandow Health Time-Table and the **SANDOW DEVELOPER.**

The Price is only - 12/6.

☞ **Arrangements have been made with the Proprietors of "Modern Man" whereby a Sandow Developer will be dispatched securely packed, carriage free, to any reader who will fill up the enclosed coupon and send same to the**

SANDOW DEVELOPER CO., No. 4, BANGOR HOUSE, SHOE LANE, LONDON, E.C.

To the SANDOW DEVELOPER CO.,
4, Bangor House, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Please forward A SANDOW DEVELOPER, carriage free, to the name and address as below. I enclose Twelve Shillings and Sixpence in payment.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

M.M., Mar. 27, 1909.] Please write distinctly and say whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss.